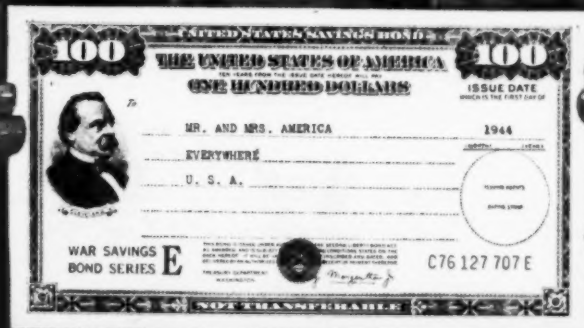


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The American Girl

JULY

1944



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SUMMERTIME

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

JULY • 1944



GAIL'S FACE TURNED CRIMSON. "OH JOHNNY, WHY DIDN'T YOU SPEAK UP?"

Lost - AN ISLAND

Gail wouldn't like her step-mother, and the island mix-up made things worse. It didn't help to realize that she was partly responsible

By MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

THE two Curtis girls and their neighbor, Johnny Oliphant, were finishing a picnic lunch under the biggest apple tree in the orchard.

It was a perfect day—a balmy, blue-skied, pink-petaled day such as only late May can produce. The lunch had been perfect, too. Gail Curtis, at sixteen, was one of those natural born cooks who seem to know by instinct what is right for an occasion and for the tastes of her guests. It was Gail who planned the daily menus at home and actually made many of the desserts and special dishes. That is, it *had* been Gail—but a great many things had been different in the Curtis household since last October.

Doris Isabel, two years younger, whose name had been shortened long ago to Dizzy, had none of Gail's domestic tastes. Dizzy was little and dark, and brown-skinned from much living in the sun. She was too restless to be a successful cook, a profession that requires infinite patience, but she could appreciate her sister's culinary achievements as heartily as anyone.

Now, feeling lazily content with the world after a generous sampling of Gail's picnic basket, Dizzy leaned back on one arm and stared up happily into the pink glory of the apple blossoms.

Johnny Oliphant scooped up a handful of fallen petals and flung them over her unruly black bob, like confetti.

"Hi, wake up, droop! The party isn't over yet," he said, grinning—and Johnny had a nice grin; wide and friendly and impulsive.

Dizzy shook the petals off and made a face. "What a relief when you go off to camp, Johnny," she observed.

Johnny sat up, arms about his knees, the grin fading. "I guess I'm not going after all," he said reluctantly. "Dad's had a cut at the office. His firm's been badly hit by all this priorities business. So I told Mom last night I didn't really care about camp this year."

Dizzy's dark eyes registered sympathy and respect. "Too bad," she said casually, being careful to keep the sympathy out of her voice. Boys were touchy about being fussed over, and anyone could see with half an eye that Johnny was feeling pretty sore about this, inside.

Gail broke in. "It's selfish of me, but I'm glad, Johnny. I have a plan. Only, while I thought you were going to camp as usual, there didn't seem much point in mentioning it. You know that big house up on Lake Wabanaki that Uncle Benjie left Daddy last year?" She paused, and eyed the boy considerably.

Johnny nodded. "I remember hearing your uncle had left you a house—your great uncle, wasn't it? But I don't believe I ever knew before just where it was."

"Daddy visited up there," Gail went on, "for part of a summer before he was married—married the first time, I mean, to our own mother—and he says the house wasn't new even then. He has some snapshots, but they don't show the house very well on account of the trees. It's on a little island just big enough for the cottage and a garden and a boathouse."

"And you have to go ashore by rowboat," Dizzy took up the tale. "There's a launch that goes with the house, but, of course, there wouldn't be any gas to run it nowadays—and it may be in

pretty poor condition, anyway, Daddy says. Uncle Benjie hadn't lived up there for two years before he died."

Johnny whistled, impressed. "W'hee!"

Sounds pretty swell, if you ask me. What about that plan you had, Gail?"

"Uncle Benjie's lawyer wrote that the house needs a lot done to it in the way of repairs and paint," Gail explained. "Daddy thinks he ought to go up there to look it over, and he's told Dizzy and me we could go along. He wants to take his vacation the last part of June and spend it there, trying to get the house fixed up to rent or sell. It's too big and too far away for us to keep, worse luck!" she ended regretfully.

"And—" Johnny prompted her, his eyes beginning to glow.

Gail laughed. "You've caught on, I see. The plan is to ask your father and mother to let you come with us, now that you aren't going to camp this year. We'll have to go up by train, of course, and it may be pretty uncomfortable traveling—but I think it would be fun anyway, don't you?"

Johnny cried, "W'hoops!" in ecstatic approval, and Dizzy rolled over backward in the apple blossoms like an excited puppy being offered a walk.

"Gail, why didn't you tell me?" she gasped. "Did you ask Daddy? Did he say Johnny could come?"

"Oh, he suggested it in the first place, only I told him Johnny was going to camp," Gail reassured the two anxious questioners regarding her so hopefully.

"Hi," Johnny said, relieved, and pulled Dizzy's hair by way of emphasis. He added, "Isn't your mother coming, too?"

Gail's face went suddenly blank. She said, in that cool, unhurried voice she could use at times, "My mother is dead, as you know very well, Johnny Oliphant. But Ellin's going, if that's what you mean." She added under her breath, her mouth setting in a tight, too-old line, "Catch her staying home and letting us go off with Daddy anywhere alone!"

Johnny grunted. "You make me tired, Gail," he said disgustedly. "This is the only subject I've ever known you to be a poor sport about. Lots of other girls have step-mothers, and like them."

Dizzy put in anxiously, "But you see, Johnny, Gail remembers our own mother. I was too little. But Gail was five and—and that makes it harder."

"Stuff!" Johnny flung at her. "I'll bet your mother wouldn't have wanted Gail to stir up unhappiness in your home, just because your father's put somebody—somebody nice, like Mrs. Curtis—in her place."



And I'll bet you something more, Gail," he added shrewdly. "If she weren't your stepmother, you'd be the first one to like her a lot. She's awfully pretty, and square as they come."

Gail got to her feet without deigning to answer, and began to repack the picnic basket. She was fighting an uncomfortable suspicion that there was a good deal of truth in Johnny's remark. If Daddy hadn't married Ellin—if she'd been just a nice, friendly visitor in the house—she might have liked her very much. Well, he had, and she wasn't. She was Mrs. Giles Curtis. She sat in their mother's place at the head of the table—where Gail herself had sat until last October—and she had their mother's room, and she kept her writing materials in the square rosewood desk in the dressing room that the first Mrs. Curtis had used. Gail's face darkened in a sullen frown.

Dizzy stole several half frightened, half placating glances at her sister. Then she drew a heavy sigh, and followed the older girl and boy down the path under the apple trees.

Fortunately, however, neither anxiety nor resentment could endure long in face of the holiday plans that were almost immediately on foot. Soon both Curtis and Oliphant households were engulfed in what

Dizzy called the Three P's—plans, preparations, and packing. For Johnny was going with them. His parents had been only too glad to have him find such a pleasant substitute for the expen-

sive boys' camp that they just couldn't afford for him this year.

As they were going up to their island for the last two weeks in June, the water would still be too cold for swimming, Mr. Curtis explained to the dismay of the three excited young people; but, he hastened to add, there would be good fishing and a rowboat with which to explore. Also they could picnic and hike to their hearts' content. That sounded like a good program, even with the swimming omitted.

But when the actual date for their departure had been set, Mr. Curtis became worried about the possible condition of a long closed house and decided to go up to the lake several days ahead of the others, leaving Johnny Oliphant to act as man of the party in his place.

It was all right with Johnny. No responsibility would have seemed too heavy that enabled him to be a part of this unexpected vacation trip, with all the exciting possibilities offered by an island, a rowboat, and practically the whole of Lake Wabanaki (or so Johnny was visioning it) to explore. He assured Mr. Curtis that he would take the best care of Mrs. Curtis and the girls, and would see that they reached Wabanaki Landing, where Mr. Curtis would meet them with a boat, without any difficulties, delays, or misadventures. A promise made in all good faith, but a rash one, as events were to prove.

According to the timetable, they were due to arrive at the Landing by four in the afternoon. But the local, to which they had changed at noon from the express, was already nearly two hours late when the conductor called at last, "Wabanaki Landing next stop!" and the weary travelers reached hopefully for bags and suitcases.

It was raining by that time, a fine drizzle accompanied by mist that shut off everything but the near shore of the lake they had been skirting for the past five (Continued on page 26)

Illustrated by
WILLIAM G. FIX

JOHNNY HAD A NICE GRIN,
FRIENDLY AND IMPULSIVE.
"SOUNDS PRETTY SWELL,"
HE SAID, "IF YOU ASK ME"





A MINIATURE COLONIAL BEDROOM WITH STENCILED WALLS COPIED FROM A HOUSE IN NEW ENGLAND. NOTE THE EMBROIDERY FRAME BY THE ARMCHAIR

BELOW: A DRAWING ROOM FROM THE HOME OF A VIRGINIA PLANTER ABOUT 1750. THE TINY TEA SET, THE CHANDELIER, THE CANDLESTICKS, THE ANDIRONS, AND THE BIRD CAGE IN FRONT OF THE WINDOW ARE ALL PERFECT IN DETAIL AND PROPORTION



MINIATURE

through the shops, adding to her collection. But he was aghast, so the story goes, when he discovered that that one tiny tea set had cost several hundred dollars.

"Isn't that a lot of money for such a small thing?" he inquired, inspecting the little teapot more closely.

"A lot of money? Oh, no, James! Not when you consider that it is sterling silver, and every tiny detail hand-wrought and painstakingly accurate. A lot of money?" She smiled at him and glanced again at the miniature on the table. "Why, this is only the beginning!"

The miniatures that Mrs. Thorne owned on that day were actually only the beginnings of an enormous collection. Rugs, chairs, tea services, beds, vases, andirons, grandfather clocks, sideboards—all the doll-sized furnishings that

BELOW: A MINIATURE REPRODUCTION OF THE WEST PARLOR AT MOUNT VERNON. THE LOWER PART OF PEALE'S PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON CAN BE SEEN THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR JUST AS ITS TINY REPRODUCTION CAN BE SEEN HERE

WAIT till you see what I bought today, dear!" The young woman took her husband's hand and led him into the next room. There on the table, dwarfed by the normal-sized objects surrounding it, was a tiny silver tea set—a set so small that it looked like a miniature of a doll's tea service.

Ever since she was a little girl, Mrs. James Ward Thorne had been collecting tiny vases and cooking utensils and furniture for dolls' houses. When she grew older, she became interested in authentic miniatures as a serious adult hobby, so her new husband wasn't too surprised when he saw this latest addition to her collection. She had traveled all over the world, picking up miniatures—a tiny duplicate of an oriental rug here, an antique-looking miniature desk there, a doll-sized bed somewhere else.

They were in Europe at the time, and while Mr. Thorne was busy during the day, Mrs. Thorne had been spending her time browsing



L. BED-
WALLS
N NEW
MBROID-
MCHAIR

THE LIVING ROOM-KITCHEN OF AN EARLY MASSACHUSETTS SETTLER. NOTICE THE PEWTER DISHES ON THE DRESSER, THE CHILD'S CHAIR BY THE BRICKED FIREPLACE



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would make a child green with envy—she gradually added to her accumulation, bit by precious bit. The shelves of the big cabinet in which she kept these treasures fairly bulged with midget furniture and ornaments she had found and brought back from the four corners of the earth.

"Why don't you try making little rooms, or backgrounds, into which some of these would fit?" a friend asked her one day.

Acting on the suggestion, Mrs. Thorne began designing settings to scale for different types of miniature furniture—a unique

Perfect in every detail, the Thorne Miniature Rooms, one-twelfth normal size, are authentic examples of period styles in furniture and decoration

By MARY E. ANSTADT



THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE HERMITAGE, ANDREW JACKSON'S HOME NEAR NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE. THE SCENIC WALLPAPER AND SPIRAL STAIRWAY WITH ITS GRACEFUL FLYING CURVE ARE FAITHFULLY REPRODUCED. THE GLASS FOR THE CLOCK ON THE WALL WAS MADE OUT OF A WATCH CRYSTAL

art which required, in its development, knowledge of historical periods, classic furniture styles and all sorts of period furnishings, principles of interior decoration, and impeccable taste and color sense. A tiny antique four-poster canopied bed on a cabinet

shelf proved to be not half so fascinating as that same midget bed placed in a doll-sized room, with little rocking-chairs, a rug, a tiny antique table, an embroidery frame, and a miniature of a glowing fireplace. Everyone who saw the tiny rooms was enthusiastic, so Mrs. Thorne decided to consult experts in the history of interior decoration, and to go about her art more ambitiously and in much greater detail. The Thorne Miniature Rooms are the result.

There are three sets of these rooms—the first a combination of American, European, and Oriental settings; the second, only European; and the third, only American. All of them have been in great demand at exhibitions and museums all over the country. They have appeared at the Century of Progress in Chicago, the Golden Gate Exposition in San Francisco, and the New York World's Fair, attracting crowds wherever they went.

And small wonder! Each room is like a little girl's dream of the perfect doll's house, besides representing artistic perfection to any adult interested in miniatures or interior decoration. There are delicately fragile chandeliers the size of a man's hand, elaborately carved wood paneling, frescoed ceilings—and all the colors imaginable, so beautifully blended and lighted that every room is like a little gem. In the drawing rooms, halls, bedrooms, kitchens, dining rooms, and living rooms, Mrs. Thorne has not forgotten to put in those details that make a room really look lived in—tiny eyeglasses on a table; embroidery partly worked in the embroidery frame, in a bedroom; a bonnet in process of construction on an old bonnet form; ornaments on the tables; flowers in vases; real knitting on

celluloid needles the size of a pin; a midget doll in an American room; men's hats hung on wall pegs in another; a globe of the world on a little desk; pint-sized books on the shelves and on tables; and even a miniature newspaper with actual printing on it.

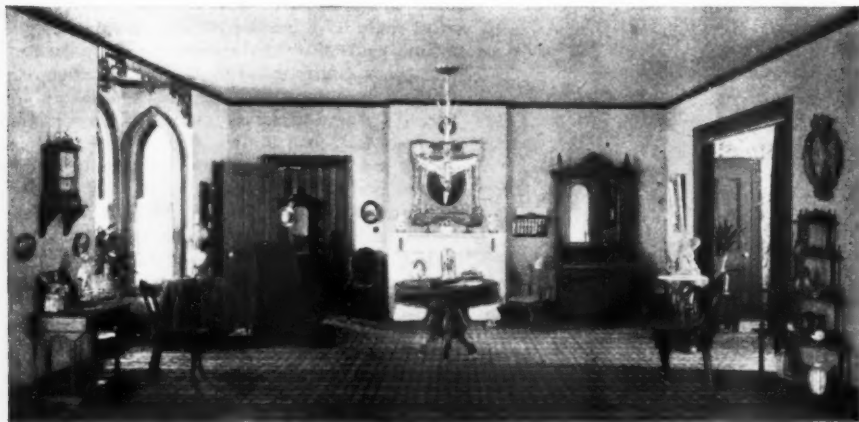
The European group starts with an English Tudor Great Hall, about 1550, a medieval version of a living room, and progresses right up to the present, with a contemporary French library. The American rooms go from a quaint Massachusetts living room-kitchen, late 1600, to an ultra-modern penthouse apartment. Each room is correct to the last detail in furnishings and decoration and architecture. The thirty-seven American rooms present a history of interior decoration in our country from the time of the early settlers to the present. Rugs, chairs, vases, wallpaper, draperies, even color schemes are authentic; and almost any phase of decoration may be studied through these miniature masterpieces.

When the Colonists first landed on these shores, it took them a number of years to realize the practically inexhaustible wealth of timber available here. In Europe, only the wealthy had been able to afford paneled walls in drawing rooms and libraries and dining rooms; here in the New World, the trees were theirs for the asking. At first they were economical and paneled only one side of their living rooms—the north side, as a rule, to give added insulation against the chill New England blasts. This, Mrs. Thorne has shown in a Portsmouth, New Hampshire parlor, about 1700.

At first the walls of American homes were either plain or wood-paneled. But as the Colonists grew wealthy, imported scenic wallpaper became the rage. Several of Mrs. Thorne's rooms show this trend. Those families who could not afford wallpaper from Europe had a cheaper substitute—stenciled designs on plain paper. Professional stencil artists traveled from one town to another, decorating walls as they went. One of Mrs. Thorne's charming little bedrooms is papered in an actual stencil design which was found in a Massachusetts house in the early part of the nineteenth century.



MRS. THORNE DESIGNED THIS MODERN ROOM AS AN APPROPRIATE BACKGROUND FOR CONTEMPORARY ART. THE TINY PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURES WERE DONE BY WELL KNOWN ARTISTS



VICTORIAN PARLORS LIKE THIS WERE TO BE FOUND ALL OVER AMERICA AT THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. THIS BEAUTIFULLY EXECUTED MINIATURE SHOWS A WHAT-NOT AT THE RIGHT, AND THE INEVITABLE FLOWERS UNDER A GLASS DOME ON THE TABLE

Many of the American rooms are not merely typical of a style of decoration, but are actual copies of rooms from famous mansions. The dining room from Hawthorne's House of Seven Gables has been duplicated; a copy of a room from Mount Vernon contains a particularly beautiful tea set, an authentic reproduction of a tea service that was one of Martha Washington's prized possessions; there is the entrance hall of a home in Virginia where, during the Revolution, Tarleton's dragoons were said to have ridden their horses up and down the wide paneled staircase, slashing at the woodwork to entertain themselves.

While Mrs. Thorne's dining room from Monticello is not an exact copy of that room, it is in the style characteristic of Thomas Jefferson. Several of the ingenious inventions for which Jefferson was famous can be found in this miniature room—windows with three sashes, for better ventilation; doors in the side of the mantelpiece, communicating by dumbwaiter with the wine cellar directly below; folding glass doors leading to the next room, an unusual contrivance in those days.

While the American rooms were being constructed, Mrs. Thorne had a staff of twelve skilled workmen to assist her, four of them working full time. It took them nearly three years to build the thirty-seven rooms. Most of the furnishings for this last group were specially made just for the purpose. Everything was planned to the scale of one inch to one foot—in other words,

one twelfth of the original size. This scale has been painstakingly followed down to the tiniest bit of decoration, although some of the objects are so small that detail work on them had to be done under a magnifying glass.

Mrs. Thorne herself made all the draperies for the American display and did a great deal of the upholstery. The tiny pieces of furniture—made of mahogany, pearwood, cherry, birch, maple, walnut, gum, or holly—were fitted and doweled together, just as they are in making real furniture. Special processes were necessary, in several cases, to get just the right texture for some of the furnishings. Who would expect to see dishes made of sour milk?

But casein—hardened sour milk—was the only thing that would give the ivory consistency that Mrs. Thorne wanted for some of the tiny plates and cups and saucers.

All sorts of odd objects were used—and quite realistically—for these miniature furnishings. The tops of andirons were made from the winders of watches. A copper penny makes a very real looking tray in one room. Watch crystals have been used for the faces of the little grandfather clocks. The rug in one English drawing room, in the European group, was found in a Paris antique shop where, soiled beyond recognition, it had been used as a mat under a lamp. Mrs. Thorne's sharp eye spotted it, and when it was cleaned it turned out to be a perfect miniature of an (Continued on page 31)



"BUT," SAID BUSHY FROM THE HAMMOCK, "WHAT ABOUT MONTMORENCY SMITHERS?"

M·O·U·R·N·F·U·L N·U·M·B·E·R·S

By EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

EDWARD LOFTING RYDER marched up and down the piazza with a tread that shook the cottage on its foundation. From time to time he stopped short and gazed seaward with a vacant stare, as though searching the horizon for a ship that never came. Then he turned and resumed his pacing with the determined vigor of a recruit on sentry duty. Bushy, who was comfortably disposed in the hammock, deduced from these symptoms that her elder brother was Thinking—with a capital T.

"Terribly hot weather for so much exercise," she observed. "Why not swim?"

"I have no time for swimming," Lofty told her, "until my plans are fully matured, with no least detail overlooked."

Bushy whistled and sat up. "What now?" she inquired. "Or is it, by chance, a military secret?"

For answer, Lofty seated himself on the end of the hammock and, drawing a notebook from his pocket, began busily to write. As he wrote, he muttered, "Margie Olmsted, Roy Bennett, Bill Lewis, Loretta Wentworth, Dot Lacom, Jimmy Neale."

"Sounds like a roll call of the Offshore Club, to me," commented Bushy.

"Fourteen, fifteen, sixteen—and Mortimer Gerard Simpson makes seventeen, confound him."

"Who on earth is he? Who could he be, with a name like that?" Bushy cried.

"Who and what indeed!" replied Lofty bleakly. "He's Loretta Wentworth's cousin—that's who he is."

"No great recommendation," Bushy mused.

"My view precisely," Lofty snapped. "But he's coming that

day, so he'll have to be in on it—and he's an odd number and I wish he was marooned on a desert island."

"What's the odd number got to do with it?" Bushy wondered.

"I shall compose aloud," Lofty stated, "and you will, if sufficiently perspicacious, be able to glean in this manner what is afoot." He coughed importantly.

Bushy maintained a respectful silence. When Lofty was as pompous as this, comment was well-nigh impossible.

"To whom it may concern," Lofty pronounced, scribbling. "Be it known that you are invited—"

"Am I?" Bushy ventured cautiously.

"I'm not quite sure, but I'm afraid so," her brother interrupted himself.

"—that you are invited to the Offshore Club's outstanding event of the season,

a Treasure Hunt of the most superior and elaborate kind. Assemble promptly at 2 P. M. Wednesday, at the Boathouse, where your instructions will be given you. E. L. Ryder, Sec'y."

"Sounds magnificent," said Bushy.

"It is," Lofty replied complacently. "The conception is entirely my own, and it's colossal. The prizes will be financed by the club treasury; otherwise, the affair is completely my brain-child."

"But how about what's-his-name—Montmorency Smithers?"

"Mortimer Gerard Simpson," corrected Lofty. "I tell you, he's Loretta's cousin. She mentioned that he was coming Wednesday. What can be expected? Rabbitry like Loretta probably, with pale eyes and, no doubt, wires on his teeth."

"Poor Mortimer," sighed Bushy.

"He has to be disposed of," Lofty stated firmly, rising and

striding off with a determined manner that suggested the summary disposal of the unfortunate Mortimer then and there.

Bushy received an invitation to the superior Treasure Hunt with mixed feelings. Seldom, if ever, was she included in the select activities of the Offshore Club, nor did she particularly care to mingle with this older crowd, most of whom—to her way of thinking—shared Lofty's superior characteristics. Of them all, Marjorie Olmsted was the only one whom she considered as a thorough-going human being, and she often wondered how on earth Margie so loyally and constantly put up with E. L. Ryder.

All Tuesday evening Lofty was as busy as an assembly-line. Surrounded by a litter of snippets, he was writing hundreds of numbers with a marking crayon on squares of scrap paper. The numbers ran from 1 to 9, and were many times duplicated.

"Can I do anything to oblige?" Bushy offered.

"You couldn't possibly fathom this," said Lofty.

"I can count up to ten," Bushy remarked. "That seems to be all that's necessary." Her eye fell on a larger sheet of paper, covered with scribbling. "Dead fish, lobster-pot buoy, fourteen intact clams, lucky pebble," she read. "Don't tell me this is the menu. It's colossal all right, but somehow unattractive."

Lofty pounced on the paper. "Go to bed!" he shouted. "Don't keep interrupting the careful sequence of my procedure."

Bushy made a low bow and withdrew—not to bed, but towards the pantry where she remembered having secreted a peanut butter sandwich for future reference.

WEDNESDAY morning, Lofty's activity increased to fever pitch. He appeared to be all over the beach, the sand dunes, the rocks, and the surrounding countryside at one and the same time, leaving behind him numbers and ever more numbers—weighted down with stones, thrust on twigs, fastened to shrubs. The Offshore Club members, happily engaged in swimming at the float, speculated pleasantly on the event of the afternoon, but were unaware of the superhuman efforts of their devoted secretary in their behalf. Bushy, however, watching from a vantage point up the shore, saw the little white squares of paper burgeoning on every bush and hummock, and the hurrying form of her brother sprinting over the landscape in all directions at once.

He was limp at lunch, but evidently well pleased.

"Is it hare-and-hounds?" Bushy demanded. "A paper chase? That would be quite an idea, you know. Scrap paper—and then turn it all in for salvage, with a prize for the biggest lot."

"Hm," said Lofty. "That has possibilities, my child, but it does not enter into the present scheme."

That scheme was soon to be divulged. The Offshore Club, assembled at the Boathouse, was gratifyingly full of anticipation. Lofty, his hands full of small envelopes, stationed himself in front of the bulletin-board and cleared his throat.

"Dear comrades," he declaimed, "I trust that a pleasing afternoon is ahead of us. The weather is perfect, we are all able-bodied and ready for any eventuality—and no mean prize awaits the winner. You girls—I now give each of you a sealed envelope. All of you go to the big boulder on the beach, then open your envelopes, in which you will find your Number. Starting at the boulder are diverging, numbered trails. Each follows her own trail to its end, where she will await her partner. After giving you a good start, the boys—to whom I shall give duplicate numbers—will follow the same trails. When your partner reaches you, open the instructions you will find at the meeting-places, and proceed with the real hunt as directed. Is that clear?"

It was—and an outcry of approval met the plan. "Oh, how cute!" cried the girls, and, "Say, that's a new one!" said the boys. Even Bushy had to admit that the idea was both novel and clever, and she mentally forgave Lofty some of his pride in it. It must have been a real job, she thought, as she matched her number at the big boulder, to mark these nine different trails that led over the dunes, down the rocks, across the stubbly meadows, in all directions. The girls were following eagerly from number to number, sometimes striking somebody else's trail and having to double back and pick up the right one. There were bursts of laughter and cryings to and fro, until at last all were widely separated and nearing their appointed trysting-places.

Lofty, in the Boathouse, looked at his watch and dispatched the boys. They tumbled off, jostling one another, and Lofty was about to make for the trail he knew full well led to Margie Olmsted, when he realized that he still held two envelopes. He glanced at the names on the outside—Loretta Wentworth, Mortimer G. Simpson.

"Oh, hang!" cried Lofty aloud, and the empty Boathouse echoed. "Of course, they're not *here*! I suppose the repulsive little lad missed his bus or something." He tramped up and down for a few minutes, then looked out the big door to the beach, from which both girls and boys had now disappeared—and to the road, which was empty. "Ted Staples won't find any

THE FIGURE HE BEHELD WAS NOT THE LISSOME FORM OF MARGIE OLMSTED. "FANCY FINDING YOU HERE!" BUSHY HAILED HIM



girl waiting for him," reflected Lofty. "Not that it matters much, and I don't know why even Ted would particularly want to find Loretta. And, of course, nobody'll come after Bushy—but that doesn't matter, either."

What really preyed on the troubled mind of the Offshore Club's enterprising secretary was the fact that Margie Olmsted would be waiting over-long on the jutting ledge of rock he had assigned her—wondering who would meet her and, he dared hope, perhaps wishing it would be Lofty who would finally turn up. He could wait no longer. He fastened the Wentworth cousins' envelopes to the doorway, together with a slightly peevish note of instructions. Then he bounded off towards Trail Six, at the end of which he would see Margie sitting—her pretty hair blowing in the smart southwest breeze, and her brown eyes lighting with pleased recognition when she saw who it was that leaped so lightly from rock to rock as he hastened to meet her.

Lofty had to concentrate in order to make his rock-hopping as light and picturesque as he wished it to appear, and therefore he did not look up until he was quite near the appointed rendezvous for Trail Six. When he did look up, he stopped in the middle of a leap with the result that he came down in a shallow salt-water pool full of barnacles, and there remained. For the figure he beheld on the jutting ledge was not the lissome and shadow-haired form of Marjorie Olmsted; it was the mop-headed, denim-clad person of his sister Bushy.

Illustrated by HILDA FROMMHOLZ



"Fancy finding you here!" she hailed him. "And how dramatically you do bound from crag to crag—a veritable cantaloupe. I mean, gazelle or something. Have you practiced long?"

Lofty dragged his sodden shoes out of the rock pool and climbed closer. "How—how did you get here?" he panted.

"Over the rocks—only not so prettily as you—following Trail Six, as directed."

"But why? Why?" demanded Lofty. "Didn't you look at your number?"

"Certainly I did. Your instructions were perfectly clear—mighty clever, too, if I do say so. I opened my envelope, looked at my number, which was six—and proceeded on my way."

"Your number was not six," shrilled Lofty. "Let me see your number."

Bushy pulled it out of her pocket and handed it to him.

"See, it's not 6—it's 9," he told her hysterically.

"Well, it's 9 if you hold it upside down like that," Bushy agreed.

"I'm holding it right side up," said Lofty between his teeth.

"It's you who had it upside down."

"How on earth was I supposed to know that?" argued Bushy. "Why didn't you put a mark under it? That's what is usually done. Come to think of it, I suppose Margie could have had the same difficulty with hers."

Lofty had been so submerged by other thoughts that he had momentarily forgotten Margie. There was a sudden complete silence, and then he sat down all at once on a sharp rock, oblivious of its pinnacled surface.

"You mean that Margie took Trail Nine?" he wheezed at last.

"Yep," said Bushy cheerfully. "That's one reason I decided mine was six."

Lofty's wet shoes gave off a dismal squishy sound, as he rose to his feet. "Do you know what this means?" he said in a cracked voice. "It means that Margie, after following a wretched path through the blackberry brambles, is all alone still. Or worse, that Mortimer Gerard Simpson (if he finally came) is on her trail."

Bushy was absently turning her square of paper from six to nine.

"Tell me not, in mournful numbers,

"Life is but an empty dream."

she murmured,

"Dumty-tiddly-umty slumbers,

"And things are not what they seem."

Lofty gnashed his teeth at her.

"I see! I see it all," Bushy continued, in the tones of a crystal-gazer. "This is Margie's trail—and yours. The brambles were reserved for me and Mortimer."

"Well," babbled Lofty, "I was running sort of short on good trails by then, you see. I just had to have *somebody* to match up with Mortimer—he was an odd number—and—"

"And a drip," said Bushy. "So I was invited to the Treasure Hunt. I see, perfectly. Oh, poor Lofty!" she sighed suddenly.

"Don't 'poor Lofty' me," her trembling brother cried. "Don't you realize that Margie has to be rescued from the unknown horror of that anonymous, anomalous Wentworth relative?"

"Wonderful, how you can do it even in moments of stress," mused Bushy. "I do realize it, at that—and there's only one way to get Marge and Mort straightened out."

"You've thought of something?" asked Lofty, suddenly humble.

"There's only one way, my poor Edward. The means you should have used at the beginning. Underline your number and mine so that they're unmistakably six and nine—then go hunt up those two and explain that you overlooked marking theirs, and that, if they've no objection, we'll now swap partners."

Lofty was feverishly pulling his black crayon from his pocket. "Sometimes," he said, as he drew a firm line under different ends of the two numbers, "sometimes, (Continued on page 32)



No!

By JOHN TRAVERS MOORE

Down in the ferns a voice will answer,
"No."

Whenever the moon is thin,
Whenever a watery fin
Shines on the blades of weeds,
Or glides in the reeds,
There is a tiny voice which answers,
"No."

They have tried to find him, the one who answers,
"No."

Crowded on the leafy shore,
They searched, as they searched before,
Thinking he dodged and hid—
He never did!
Many have searched, oh, many have tried,
But no!

Where their footsteps have passed, he will always answer,
"No."

Where pearly dewdrops lie strewn
Under a white, thin moon
And the stars like flowers dream
Repeated in the stream—
Hark, you can hear the voice that answers,
"No!"

Photograph by Ewing Galloway, New York



Photographs on this page by courtesy of U. S. Forest Service



Every match you light, every damaged piece of electrical equipment may start a fire. Be more careful than ever, now that we are at war



By FLORENCE NELSON
Editor of "Safety"

N O TIME FOR FIRES

KEEPING fire under control takes more than the usual amount of headwork in these days of emergency. War duties make it difficult to cope with ordinary hazards, to say nothing of a crop of new ones resulting from fuel shortages and aging equipment. Yet we cannot afford to relax our efforts for a moment, because fire prevention on the home front is a major campaign of this war.

Evidence that we've been losing ground is a \$60,000,000 increase in our country's fire bill last year—bringing the national loss up to the staggering total of \$380,325,000. Ten thousand persons burned to death, hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property gone up in smoke. Homes damaged or destroyed, great areas of forest land laid waste, and, most serious of all, huge losses in the war plants. Serious fires in food factories, for example, last year destroyed important war foodstuffs sufficient to feed several good-sized armies.

This is a bad record, a horrifying waste of precious lives and materials. Busy as we are with other war activities, we must not fail to take the simple precautions that keep fire subdued and ready to perform the many useful services we demand of it.

Even from the most selfish point-of-view, we should be interested in preventing fires because they cost us all a lot of money. Maybe you don't

realize that your family is paying part of the bill for fires in your town or community—and I mean *your* family! Perhaps you have the nice comfortable feeling that insurance takes care of it. Actually we all have to dig deep in our pockets and pay higher prices for almost every article because the manufacturer must include his insurance in figuring the cost of his product.

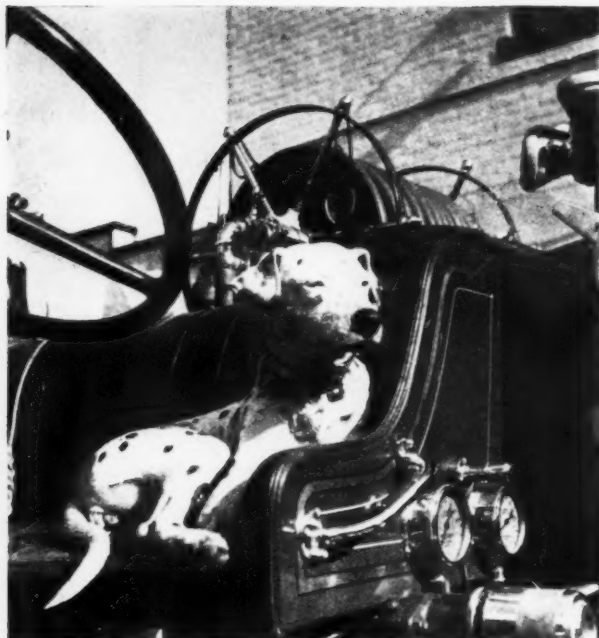
When a community has big fire losses, it pays higher insurance rates. Taxes, too, are increased and—well, we needn't tackle that problem in economics at the moment. My point is that fires in homes, in factories, on farms, in forests and woodlands—all kinds of fires—affect each of us in one way or another. All are relatively simple to prevent, hard to control once they get started.

This article is intended as a brush-up in the *abc's* of fire prevention, plus some hints on dealing with the special wartime conditions that create new hazards.

At this season of the year fires rage through wide areas of forest land, destroying vast quantities of timber, killing and crippling wildlife along with its food and cover. Many of these fires are started by careless campers and smokers. Some are intentionally and lawfully set for such purposes as burning brush, or debris—and then get out of hand because of ignorance, carelessness, or willingness on the part of the burner to take a chance. According



BURNED OVER AREA IN WYOMING, SHOSHONE NATIONAL FOREST, SHOWING BARE TREE SKELETONS



Photograph by Victor de Palma—F. P. G.

ABOVE: "SPOT," FAITHFUL MASCOT OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT AT SING SING

RIGHT: THE WIRE BASKET FOR BURNING TRASH IS CORRECT, THE LOCATION IS NOT. BASKET SHOULD BE SET ON A PLATFORM OF BRICK OR CONCRETE TO PREVENT DRY GRASS FROM IGNITING



Photograph by Ewing Galloway



LEFT: DIRECT WORK ON THE EDGE OF THE FIRE IS A TOUGH PROPOSITION. THIS IS A FIRE CONTROL AND SUPPRESSION UNIT IN THE MOUNT HOOD NATIONAL FOREST IN OREGON

RIGHT: CLOSE-UP OF A FIRE IN PLUMAS NATIONAL FOREST IN CALIFORNIA

to U. S. Forest Service reports, ninety per cent of forest fires are man-made; the remaining ten per cent are caused by lightning.

The yearly waste of timber in forest fires is sufficient to build two hundred and fifteen thousand five-room homes for war workers. Over a twelve months' period, the manpower used in fighting forest fires could produce eight hundred fighter planes. Furthermore, these great conflagrations threaten the war plants and military camps, many of which are located in or near forests, or brush-covered areas. Smoke-palls and haze hamper the work of sea and air patrols. Thus forest fires are real saboteurs.

In normal times, some four thousand full-time forest supervisors, rangers, guards, and an equal number of part-time smoke-chasers, lookouts, etc. protect the national forests. Now, because of the shortage of men, the Office of Civilian Defense has called for volunteers to undertake this work. More than one hundred and eighty-five thousand recruits have responded and are enlisted in the Forest Fire Fighters Service.

Building a campfire is a job for a responsible person—no day-dreamers nor scatterbrains should apply. The first step is to select a site, near water if possible, in a clear space well away from bushes, trees, logs, or brush. Prepare a hole, or trench, and scrape away all flammable material in a circle at least five feet in diameter. Keep a bucket of water nearby for emergency use. Take no chances with flying sparks.

Before leaving a campfire, soak the coals thoroughly with water, stirring them at the same time. Turn sticks and drench both sides. Soak the ground around the fire. *Be sure the last spark is dead!*

Victory gardeners are advised by fire authorities to ask about a permit—and the State law—before burning grass, brush, etc. Of course this applies to campers and campfires as well. Farmers are warned never to burn off crop land without securing a permit from a ranger or fire warden, if the State law requires it; never to start fires in unusually hot, or dry, or windy weather; always to scrape a trail, or plow around the area for safety. Trash should always be burned in a wire basket, or other non-flammable container, placed at a safe distance from shrubbery, trees, buildings, etc.

A good many brush and forest fires are started by passengers on trains, in buses, and in private cars, who thoughtlessly throw away matches, cigarettes, and pipe ashes before they are "dead



Photographs by courtesy of U. S. Forest Service

out." Non-smokers can co-operate with the Forest Service by warning against this bad practice. You might begin by calling it to the attention of smokers in your own family. Here are the Forest Service recommendations for smokers:

Observe "no smoking" rules in forest, brush, and grass areas that are closed to smoking. Stop to smoke in safe places that are cleared of dry or flammable materials. Break each match in two, then pinch it before throwing it away (the idea being that if you can do this without burning your fingers, you know the match is out). Crush out cigarette, cigar, or pipe ashes. An extra minute of precaution may save vital watersheds and a hundred years of forest growth.

Now let's go indoors and check up on some of the hazards that have invaded our homes during wartime. One thing you won't have to worry about is an accumulation of papers and magazines—always good fire fodder—because, of course, you've been doing your part in the salvage campaign. The fire experts tell us that "a clean home seldom burns" and that "rubbish feeds fire." By clearing out our junk piles, we've actually made our homes a lot safer from every point of view. Clutter and disorder lead to many types of injuries—but just now we'll stick to the fire problem.

Obviously our biggest headache is the difficulty of getting household equipment repaired, or replaced, after wear has reduced it to an accident-provoking condition. However, don't let this get you down, because in most cases a repair *can* be made. It's just a question of using more ingenuity than ordinarily is required. I'm feeling pretty proud, myself, of new skills I've developed with hammer and screw driver and various mending materials that are easily obtainable.

BELOW: TOO OFTEN AN IRON IS LEFT IN THIS POSITION WHEN ITS USER GOES TO THE TELEPHONE OR FRONT DOOR. VERY LITTLE TIME IS NEEDED FOR AN IRON TO BURN THROUGH CLOTH AND START A FIRE

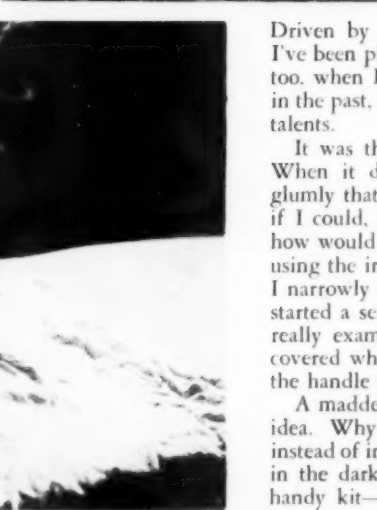
Photograph below by Leslie Crocker—F.P.G.



RIGHT: CURIOSITY MAY RESULT IN A SERIOUS SCALDING SO KEEP SMALL CHILDREN AWAY FROM THE STOVE. PLACE POTS WITH HANDLES PARALLEL WITH FRONT EDGE OF THE STOVE. APRONS AND TOWELS SHOULD NOT BE HUNG NEAR STOVE AS HERE



BELOW: THIS IS A VERY DANGEROUS PROCEDURE. NEVER SHOVEL ASHES INTO A WOODEN BASKET, CARDBOARD CARTON, OR OTHER FLAMMABLE CONTAINER. A TINY, HIDDEN LIVE COAL MAY START A FIRE



Acme photographs

Driven by necessity to adopt the fix-it-yourself plan, I've been pleased and amazed at my success; chagrined, too, when I think of all the money I might have saved in the past, if I had been aware of possessing these latent talents.

It was the electric iron that really set me thinking. When it developed a wobbly handle, I told myself glumly that I'd never be able to get it fixed; and even if I could, it would be weeks in the repair shop—and how would I get my pressing done? So I just went on using the iron, until one day the handle came apart and I narrowly escaped a severe hand burn. (I might have started a serious fire, as well.) Then, and only then, I really examined this indispensable appliance and discovered what the trouble was—merely a loose screw in the handle that could be tightened in a jiffy!

A maddening search for the screw driver gave me an idea. Why not keep a few small tools in the kitchen, instead of in the tool chest—which in turn is stowed away in the dark depths of the hall closet? Now I have a handy kit—hammer, pliers, (Continued on page 38)

DARK HOLLOW

By RUTH GILBERT COCHRAN

PART

THREE

The Story So Far

Martha Bristow, sixteen, spends the Easter vacation with her relatives, the Fairfields—an elderly father and middle-aged daughter—who live in an ancient house on Lake Champlain. This house was formerly used by Abolitionists as a station on the Underground Railway to shelter runaway slaves escaping to Canada. A tunnel once connected it with the lake, although no trace of it remains.

Martha expects a dull holiday, but finds plenty of excitement. She arrives at night, and looking out of the station window for the car, she is startled to see an evil, foxlike face peering back at her for a second from the darkness outside. On the drive to the Fairfield home, she has a fellow passenger, Dr. Meadows, a mysterious person who stops the car on a lonely road to speak to a boy who is evidently waiting for him. He introduces this attractive Irish lad to Martha as Terence McGovern, and with a remark about "trailing the old fox," goes off with him into a sinister-looking ravine. This, the driver says, is Judge's Hollow.

Next day Martha hears strange stories about Judge's Hollow, but learns nothing of the errand of Dr. Meadows and Terence McGovern there, although Miss Elly Fairfield, who knows them, invites them to dinner. Martha begins to suspect that the "old fox" is a French Canadian named Rideau, the brutal father of her cousin's maid-of-all-work, Minnie. The Fairfields, at dinner—Minnie having been sent to the cellar for a bottle of wine—bear the crash of breaking glass and a scream. Terence and the doctor rush to the cellar, but Minnie will not tell them what frightened her. They find the spilled wine and the neck of the bottle, but the rest has disappeared. Next morning Minnie is gone. Miss Elly decides that Rideau has terrified her into returning to him, and asks Martha to go with her to his shack to remonstrate.

THE idea of bearding the old fox in his den did not, I must confess, arouse any great amount of enthusiasm in my own inner consciousness. But if Elly wanted to get the matter over and done with quietly, without a lot of argy-bargy from the various men folk concerned, I wasn't going to let her down.

We could not go immediately for there was breakfast to be attended to, and if Uncle Simm's tray wasn't just so, tantrums were in the offing. I scrambled eggs and made coffee, and Elly fussed with milk toast and wickedly black tea for her father.

"I shan't say anything to him about Minnie, unless he asks after her," she whispered. "And then I'll just tell him that she isn't feeling well. That'll be true enough, goodness knows."

As we were finishing our own meal, Helga Hopkins called Elly on the telephone. Would Elly mind if she and Claude and the little girls dropped in within a few minutes? She was calling

Martha runs into a family feud, makes a dangerous call, and forgets to deliver an important message—of which more will be heard later on



from McGovern's—they'd driven up there to buy some honey—and were due back at their Essex hotel for lunch. And they were so anxious to meet Sue's daughter!

"That means we shan't get away much before eleven," Elly fretted. "Before they come here, you'd better feed Major. Just open a can of that dog food, and put it and a panful of milk out by the back steps. That is, if you don't mind doing it."

I didn't mind at all. Major, a beautiful big tawny beast, had responded rather distantly to my greeting when Terence brought him over to stay with us the previous evening. But now he evidently had decided that we should be friends, for he offered me a cold, hairy paw to shake before he tackled his meal.

"Pals?" I asked, and his topaz eyes beamed softly at me. I had made the grade and, really, I felt quite complimented.

"Come out here on the side porch, Martha," Elly called as I went back into the kitchen; and when I stood beside my cousin, she said, "Look, here comes Claude in his pink bathtub!"

A powerful foreign car was turning into the drive. Pale terra cotta in color, it was set off with glittering chromium stripes—and the man at the wheel looked fully capable of choosing it. He was fat and pale and flabby, with a receding chin and a vapid smile. His golf suit, a noisy plaid, hung on him in

untidy folds, and his hands were white and soft-looking.

In the back of the car sat—or posed—languidly a large and beautiful fair-haired woman, swathed to the ears in mink. Her indifferent air was rather sorely tried as three lanky little girls scrambled, pell-mell, across her lap and threw themselves out of the car.

"Auntie Elly! Auntie Elly!" they squealed and, bursting into the porch, fell bodily upon my cousin.

"Girls! Girls! What has Mother told you?" the tall woman scolded, trailing after them. "Norma, don't smother Auntie Elly! Maureen, make Baby stop hanging on Auntie Ellie's arm!" When these remonstrances produced no effect, she cried impatiently, "Oh, run out to the barn, all of you!"

The children dashed down the porch steps in a flying whirlwind of arms and legs. "Good gracious," sighed their mother, "they get worse all the time! I shall be so relieved to get back to California and put them in school again. But I'm being very rude, Elly. Do introduce me to Sue's daughter." Her sea-green eyes took me in patronizingly. "Aren't you cold without your jacket?" she asked. "There's a distinct feeling of snow in the air, but Claude *will* keep the top of the car down."

Our visitor drew her rich fur around her with the air of a martyr. It was a gorgeous wrap, but the dress beneath it was of thin silk, hardly suitable for such keen weather. Moire pumps to match, half a size too small. Helga Hopkins would, no doubt, wear high-heeled slippers for a country walk.

"There's a good fire in the south parlor," Elly said. "We'll go in there and visit."

"We can't stay long, you know," Mrs. Hopkins drawled, and added sharply, "I can't see why Claude needs so much time to park the car."

"Hard to turn in our lane, I guess," Elly offered. "Now, Helga, isn't it nice and warm in here?"

"Lovely, Elly. These big rooms are so restful. I really dread spending next Sunday with Claude's mother. That poky little house! Here, dear, I hope you'll like this little Easter present. Claude and I selected it in Hollywood."

The gift, graciously received, was a bottle of perfume which the fair Helga had evidently tried and found not in attune with her own tastes, for the stopper was loose and the liquid within the ornate vial half an inch below the top.

Elly was spared any further comment, for Claude and the



Illustrated by
CORINNE MALVERN

HERE WAS THE EVIL FACE I
HAD SEEN IN THE STATION
WINDOW THAT RAINY NIGHT

little girls came in at that moment, and Mrs. Hopkins sauntered off to "have a little chat with Uncle Simm."

"No relation," Claude explained to me. "My wife has always been quite fond of the old gentleman." He flushed. "Mr. Fairfield hasn't much use for me, though."

"Nonsense, Claude!" Elly smiled. "Father just doesn't appreciate poetry. But we do. I hope you brought some of your work along for Martha to hear."

Claude drew a tiny magazine from his pocket. "I have a little contribution here," he said. "Would you really care to hear it, Miss Bristow?"

"I'd be delighted," I assured him, and Claude, with a modest cough, turned the well-thumbed pages.

"It's only a trifle, you understand," he said, "but rather full of desperate joy." He glanced at his daughter Norma, now playing on the hearth with the kitten, and began:

"Night Wind"

"Oh, night wind—wind of the dark, silent spaces—

"Blow out the moon,

"Blow out the stars!

"In your great power I exult,

"I, too, shout.

"Blow, Bigmouth, blow!" I say.

"Well, what do you think of my small effort?"

"It's very—unusual," I managed faintly.

"Pooh, Daddy," said Norma, "I'm tired of that one!"

Claude was hurt. He shut the magazine and spoke to his eldest crisply. "Go call your mother. It's time we were leaving."

As Norma departed, giggling, the farm truck rattled up to the front door. I caught my breath in amazement—for a minute I thought I was seeing double. The tall girl alighting might have been a mirrored reflection of the handsome Helga, a younger and fresher reflection, with heavy flaxen braids wound smoothly above a serene, wide forehead. As she entered the hall door, Helga herself, coming from Uncle Simm's room, met her face to face. There they were, feature for feature alike.

"Why, Frieda," Elly greeted the newcomer, "I'm so glad you could come!" But Frieda tossed her head proudly and strode off to the kitchen.

"Oh, dear," Elly sighed, "I forgot!" and hurried after her. Puzzled, I looked up at Helga, hoping to gather some explanation of the situation, but she was staring at Elly's retreating back with a cold smile of scorn. I turned my attention to the little girls, now clamoring for help in adjusting their coats and hoods, and their mother herded them out to the terra cotta car.

Stepping out on the side porch, I saw Helga frowning at Claude, who was talking earnestly with Frieda at the kitchen door.

"Precious!" his wife called sharply. "We're waiting!"

"Coming, dear," the poet answered. But he continued to talk for a moment or two longer. Whatever strained relations existed between the two women evidently did not extend to Claude, for the conversation appeared exceedingly friendly. Frieda was smiling as he waved his plaid cap at her in a flourishing farewell. He

called good-by to Larsen, tramping up from the barn, and trotted back to the car.

"Well, well," he said heartily, "all ready? Say good-by to Auntie Elly!"

The little girls shrielled in chorus, and the big car hummed down the drive. The gaunt locust trees on the lawn seemed to echo my fervent sigh of relief.

"Thank goodness, that's over," Elly said, joining me.

"Those girls—but now's our chance to slip away! Father's asleep and Frieda's getting dinner. I'll tell you about this mix-up while we're walking."

"Let's take Major, shall we?"

"Good idea. And wrap up well. That snow's almost here."

"Which way do we go?"

"Towards Willsboro—north. About a mile."

We walked briskly along under the leaden sky, Major circling joyfully around us. The lake, dull in the gathering mist, was broken by flurrying white-caps. A gray day—ominous.

"Now," I urged, "tell me about those girls. Are they sisters? They look like it."

"They are," Elly said, "but they haven't spoken to each other for years. So foolish! They quarreled over the property their father left, and now Claude's trying to make friends with Frieda. Helga doesn't like that, and Larsen's jealous. Oh, dear!"

"Larsen's very silly, then," I said. "I hope he isn't going to make Frieda unhappy."

"I left them glowering at each other in the kitchen," Elly mourned. "Larsen told Frieda she was a fool to have anything to do with such a stuck-up toad, and Frieda's much too proud and independent to stand for that kind of talk."

"Don't worry," I laughed, "Frieda'll get around him. She certainly knows she's getting a better husband than Helga did."

"You'll laugh," Elly said, "but Claude was the catch of Port Henry when Helga married him twelve years ago. His father had left him quite a bit of money, and Claude took Helga out to Hollywood. He's done well in real estate there. Look at that mink coat Helga was wearing!"

I had, and I had noticed that the mink was worn in spots, too. But I said nothing of that.

"Helga," Elly went on, "ignored her father and Frieda completely after she married; and then when old Mr. Hansen died, leaving all his property to Frieda, didn't Helga have the nerve to contest the will! The property wasn't much—just a cottage in Willsboro and a field the other side of the Hollow, but Helga claimed she should have a share in it. Well, Helga lost the case, and the two sisters haven't spoken since."

The air was suddenly white with falling snow.

"Rideau's place is on the lake shore, just back of the cemetery," Elly told me. "And there are the cemetery gates—see?"

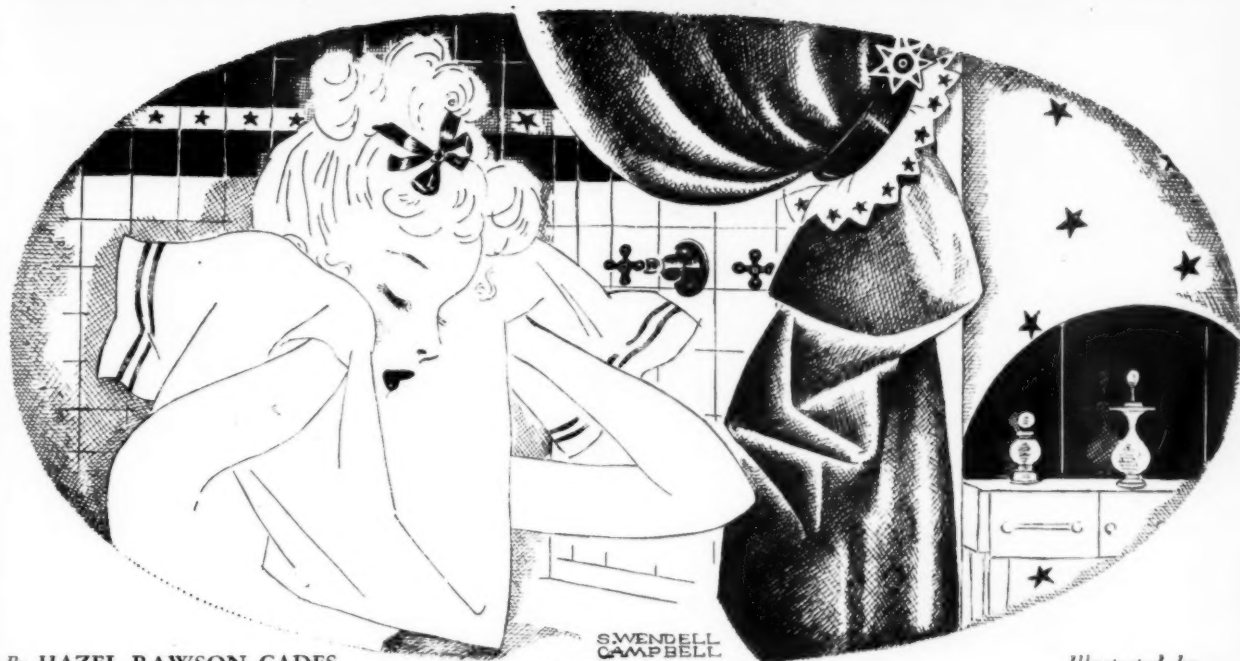
"Nice dismal inscription they have," I said, and read the painted letters aloud, "I, To-day—You, To-morrow."

"Not too cheerful," Elly agreed, "but folks hereabouts believed gloominess was fitting in the old days. Now, dear, we turn off into this field. I'll take the lead—we might run into Rideau any minute."

"In that case," I murmured. (Continued on page 33)



THE TWO SISTERS WERE ALIKE, FEATURE FOR FEATURE, YET THEY DID NOT SPEAK A WORD TO EACH OTHER AS THEY MET



By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustrated by

S. WENDELL CAMPBELL

WASHING is WONDERFUL

There is nothing like it to make a garden or a girl look better

THE next time a smart summer shower gives the world a beauty treatment, I wish you'd go out and take a really good look around. Suddenly colors look brighter, plants stand up straighter, the whole outdoors seems to sparkle and sing.

Washing is wonderful. There is nothing like it to make a garden, or a girl, look better. But though the garden gets its baths free, the girl really is more fortunate because she can wash whenever she feels like it. And she has the added advantage of soap, which makes washing much easier.

A good soap-and-water scrub does several things for you. It washes off dirt and removes skin secretions which, left on the skin, may become offensive. And it also helps the skin in its natural processes of discarding its outworn outer layer and keeping itself fresh and new.

Rain works beautifully for plants, but because of our body chemistry we really need a little more effective cleansing. It doesn't matter whether you take a shower or a tub bath. You can get clean either way. But you do need to use soap and plenty of elbow grease.

We are very fortunate in this country. There is enough soap for everybody. In some parts of the world this is no longer true, and to people who have known the satisfactions of cleanliness it must be very hard to bear. Our good fortune, however, carries obligations which I should like you to take to heart. There's enough soap for us all to have our fair share—enough for us to use, but not enough to waste.

It's sometimes a temptation to toss out little end-of-the-cake snippets and replace them with a fresh bar from the supply shelf. Won't you try to be more saving? Keep your soap dry when it's not in use. From a piece of an old bath towel, stitch up a bath mitt with a side pocket to hold odds and ends of soap.

Your soap supply will last longer, and the mitt will make your bath more fun.

The best cleansing bath is moderately warm (about 98° if you have a thermometer). Use a coarse washcloth, work up a lather, and scrub yourself all over. Pay special attention to elbows and neck, which seem to have an attraction for grime, and also to parts of the body such as the under-arm areas where perspiration is especially active. After you have washed yourself well, it's pleasant, if your water supply can stand it, to run fresh water into the tub and rinse yourself off. You may like to finish your bath with cooler water which makes you feel peppy.

If you use the shower instead of the tub, you should follow much the same plan. After you have wet yourself all over with moderately warm water, use your soaped washcloth to scrub your whole body. Then rinse thoroughly, gradually letting the water run cooler.

Don't think, however, that you need lots of water to get clean. It's pleasant if water is plentiful. But sometimes, in the summer, local water supplies are short because of lack of rain. Sometimes, in places like summer camps, there just isn't enough hot water to permit luxurious baths for everyone. Well, you can still get clean. With a tea kettle of hot water you can have yourself a very fine bath-in-a-bowl. Use part of the hot water, eked out with cold, for lathering and scrubbing. Rinse out your washcloth and use the rest of the hot water plus more cold water for a second going-over. If you scrub well you'll be clean, and you'll feel almost as refreshed as if you'd had the benefit of a big tub, or a brisk shower.

One of the secrets of a really good bath is in the drying. Don't just pat and dab at yourself. Grasp your bath towel by each end, and draw it smartly up and down your back and front. Then rub yourself vigorously all over to pick (Continued on page 42)



Photograph by Paul Parker



JUST ABOVE: GOOD USE HAS BEEN MADE OF THIS BACK YARD IN OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA—TROOP 21 HAD ITS VICTORY GARDEN THERE. THESE TWO MEMBERS OF THE TROOP WERE PHOTOGRAPHED AS THEY CULLED THE MAKINGS OF A GREEN SALAD

RIGHT: UP A ROW OF CORN AND DOWN A ROW OF BEANS—SCOUTS AND A LEADER OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA HOE THE LONG ROWS OF VEGETABLES IN THEIR GARDEN



OVER FIFTEEN OF SERVICE THE GIR

No. 1	SPECIAL OF 850,000 UNITED STATES
FAY TO THE ORDER OF	<i>The People of</i>
	<i>Fifteen Million</i>
	<i>Four Hundred</i>
	<i>Twenty</i>
	HRS 15,430,000

RIGHT: A REPRODUCTION OF THE "CHECK" ON ACCOUNT OF THE PROMISORY NOTE DATED JANUARY 31, 1941, GIVEN BY THE GIRL SCOUTS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. THIS "CHECK" FOR FIFTEEN MILLION FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY THOUSAND WORK HOURS WAS PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON THE THIRTY-SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE GIRL SCOUTS. IT REPRESENTS THE HOURS CONTRIBUTED TO THE VARIOUS WAR ACTIVITIES SINCE PEARL HARBOR. BENEATH IT IS THE BREAKDOWN OF THE HOURS, SHOWING HOW THE GIRL SCOUTS HAVE SERVED THEIR COUNTRY DURING THESE THREE YEARS OF WAR

TOP: THE GIRL SCOUTS ARE WELL INTO THEIR THIRD YEAR OF VICTORY GARDENING. HERE, ONE OF THEM PROUDLY GATHERS HEALTHY LOOKING SQUASHES

SERVICES

SALVAGE	Collected fats, mess, rubber silk, linen
CHILD CARE	Helped at day nurseries, grounds, schools, camps
VICTORY GARDENING	Raised and canned vegetables, hospital, school, lawns
FARM AID	Harvested vegetables, fruits, etc.
RECRUITMENT AID	Distributed posters, etc. for WAC, WAVES, SP-5s
HOSPITAL AID	Trained for and helped convalescent and children, laboratories, office, etc. scrap book
WAR RELIEF	Collected clothing, mess, herbs for British, French, War Relief
OCD, OPA, WAR FINANCE COMMITTEES, CDVO, INTERCEPTOR COMMAND	Gave messenger and as plane spotters, etc.
U.S. TREASURY DEPARTMENT	Sold war bonds and worth of stamps for ship fund for relief
AMERICAN RED CROSS	Collected materials, etc. and knitted articles for Blood Donor Center
USO, ARMED FORCES, CONValescent SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, MERCHANT MARINE	Made service kits, etc. collected records, etc.
CONSERVATION	Made Fog Bags for worked on reforestation projects and blights
HOME FRONT	Folded Christmas for Association: collected Dimes; gave assembly agencies, communities
GENERAL	Studied nutrition, etc. and served meals

Total HOURS OF SERVICE

N ILLION HOURS VIC TURNED IN IR SCOUTS

March 13, 1944
SPECIAL SERVICE
10,000 SCOUTS
UNITED STATES AMERICA
People of United States of America
Four Thousand Twenty and
HOURS OF SERVICE
Girl Scouts



Photograph by A. F. MacNichol

ABOVE: EVIDENCE OF GOOD HUSBANDRY IN THEIR GARDEN IS SHOWN BY SCOUTS OF GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

	Approximate NUMBER OF HOURS
and fats, meat, clothing, milk, linen	3,000,000
at day nurseries, play-schools, games	500,000
and canneries for schools, homes	1,000,000
ed vegetables, and berries	530,000
red posters, writing pamphlets, WAVES, Seafarers	250,000
for and hospital kitchens, content and children, linen rooms, ties, office, day favors and sick	1,900,000
clothing, mail, medicines, seeds, for British, Russian, Greek, War Relief	350,000
passenger and assistance, served spotters, model airplanes	1,350,000
bonds and also gave \$55,000 stamps to show World Friendship for relief of war sufferers	1,750,000
materials, bandages, sewed, first aid, first aid, aided at Honor Centered First Aid	2,000,000
service kits, scrapbooks, and records, and furs	1,000,000
Tag Bags for Forestry Service, on reforestation, erosion control and blight control	350,000
Christmas for Tuberculosis, collection for March of Dimes, social welfare, communists	1,250,000
nutrition, with canteens; cooked served meals for war workers	200,000
TOTAL SERVICE . . .	15,430,000

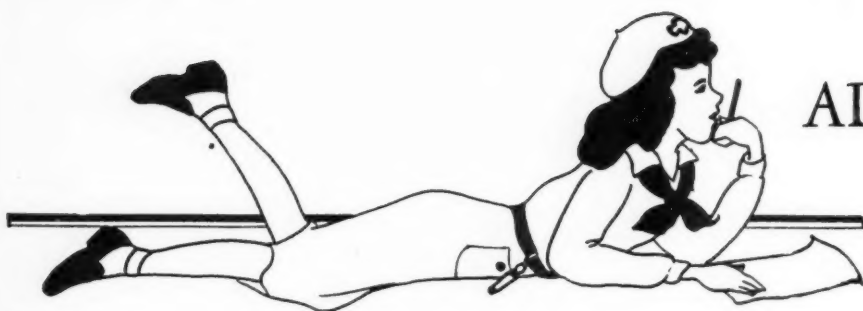


ABOVE: TROOP 119 OF MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, WAS PARTICULARLY SUCCESSFUL WITH ITS TOMATOES; A PROUD TROOP MEMBER HOLDS UP A PRIZE SPECIMEN



ABOVE LEFT: THE SCOUTS OF WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS, WORKING IN THEIR VICTORY GARDEN, HELPED TO SWELL THE NUMBER OF HOURS TURNED IN

LEFT: GATHERING BEANS IN MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS. MANY OF THE VEGETABLES GROWN BY SCOUTS WERE ALSO CANNED FOR HOME USE, FOR HOSPITALS, AND SOME FOR SCHOOL LUNCH ROOMS



ADVENTURES

By KATHLEEN KELLY

Girl Scout National Staff

Sketches by the author

READERS of THE AMERICAN GIRL, attention! This article is written by *you*. At least, it is written by the girls who wrote letters in reply to the article entitled *Girl Scouts—Friends to All*, in the March issue. Space does not permit our printing all of the letters in full, so we have selected quotations from them to share with other readers.

I THINK, writes Dorothy Wallace of Storrs, Connecticut, "that this question of tolerance is one of the most important questions facing America today. Most of the other great nations of the world are becoming more and more tolerant of race and religion. If we are to keep up with the pace of the rest of the world, we also must become more tolerant. Intolerance will make the United States disunited and weak; tolerance will make us united and strong." Girl Scout Dorothy Jane Williams, age thirteen, of New Britain, Connecticut, adds to this thought her suggestion that "the best thing to do (I only wish it could be done) would be to juggle everybody around regardless of race, creed, nationality, and class until everyone gets a chance to see what the other fellow is like."



ALTHOUGH we cannot "juggle everybody around," we can see by the following illustrations that there are many little ways of making different kinds of people aware of each other. All these little ways put together can have a tremendous influence. Duane Virts, a fourteen-year-old Girl Scout of Brunswick, Maryland, writes, "Today we had a play in school about intolerance in America and other countries; the disrespect for other races than one's own; the difference in people's tastes and clothing; and, above all, the difference in religion." Seeing these things enacted on a stage is often much more vivid than reading or hearing about them. Do you think your troop could make up an original play about friendliness in America?



AN anonymous contributor from Worcester, Massachusetts, sends the following account of her experience with a newcomer to our country:

"Although I haven't had any real opportunity to become very well acquainted with any refugees, there is a girl in our school who is a refugee from Germany. She is a few years behind me in school and, as I seldom see her, I have only a speaking acquaintance with her. But I do know that she is a lovely girl, well liked by everyone. She is very brilliant, active in school sports, a member of the Girl Scouts and the 4-H Club. I think this girl has done very well for herself in a new country—in fact, better than many of us who were born here.

"Too many girls are inclined to be like Judy in the article. They don't intend to be snobbish, but nevertheless they are. I feel it is up to us to help improve social conditions, reduce race hatred and intolerance, and make America a better place for all peoples of all races and religions."



PAT NEWTON, aged fifteen, is a Camp Fire Girl in Auburn, Massachusetts. She has a special reason for wanting to know all kinds of people. "I like to write and my hobby is 'collecting people,' not just in my mind but with a character sketch of them. People I know well are easy to analyze, but that is not what I enjoy most. Overheard conversations on street corners and in crowded buses are 'neat meat' for the imagination. And restaurants hold untold wealth for creating foreign-born characters as well as quaint local-color types, for that is what I like best—to make these friends-of-one-minute friends forever in storyland. I imagine a professional would smile at my attempts to wield a mighty pen, but the enjoyment and enriched friendship and understanding are all I ask."

If you, like Pat, enjoy writing, you may be able, through this art, to help other people accept differences. Authors who write with sympathy and understanding of people who might otherwise seem "queer" are constantly helping to build kindly attitudes.



S IN FRIENDSHIP



SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD Iris Clifford, a Girl Scout of Maspeth, New York, believes in being a good neighbor. She says, "I believe if everyone would practice a 'Good Neighbor Policy' this would be a better world. Trying to help your neighbor gets your mind off yourself and your troubles. You will find that, when you are helping someone, you cease to have troubles. After you have helped someone, even in a small way, you get an inward satisfaction. This is what makes people happy."

A MASSACHUSETTS Girl Scout, who prefers to be known as M.L., offers this interesting incident: "The following is one of my experiences. The conversation took place the night of our club meeting, when we were thinking of having a new member.

"'Sophie is a nice girl. Why not have her?'"

"'Oh, no!'"

"'Why not?'"

"'Oh, no! She wouldn't mix in with us. She has different ideas from us; she speaks broken English and all that.'"

"But the real reason these girls didn't like Sophie was because they didn't know her. They might say, 'Well, how can we help knowing her? She goes to school with us and sits right next to us.' Now I knew that Sophie was not the kind of girl they said she was. Maybe she did have different ideas—so what? Doesn't everybody? Maybe she did speak broken English. You can't judge a person by the language she speaks."

"Well, you see, I can't really say why I like Mary and not Sue, or Sue and not Mary, but I think you yourself know why. If you are a real American girl, you don't like a girl because of religion, or creed, or how her mother or she speak. You pick her for one of your friends because you like her, and that's all there is to it."

BETTY POTOK, aged twelve, a Girl Scout of Troop 102, Brooklyn, New York belongs to a group called "Future Builders" at her school. These boys and girls hold discussions on current problems in America, including this subject of understanding and tolerance. They gather all the information they can, through reading and interviewing all kinds of people, and then they make their own plans for ways in which they can help to build a better America.



ONE of the most colorful adventures in friendship that was described came from seventeen-year-old Girl Scout Ruth Simmons of Fitchburg, Massachusetts. We are sure you will be interested in her experience.

"I worked last summer as a Western Union messenger," says Ruth, "and in my work I had a chance to see, know, and under-

You'll remember the article called "Girl Scouts—Friends to All," in the March issue, which asked for letters telling experiences in making friends with different kinds of people. Here are the answers you sent Miss Kelly

stand people of every race, color, and creed. Fitchburg has its 'Little Italy,' 'Greekville,' French, Finnish, and German sections, etc. I found that the people who inhabit these sections are not strange foreigners, but people so interesting I was fascinated. I found the inside of their homes well furnished and in good taste; I found the smell of their native dishes exciting and appetizing; and I found the people friendly and, oh, so human!

"To be able to speak and understand another language besides English is a great help and an advantage, I will never forget the day when I tried to make an elderly Greek woman understand me. I handed her a telegram and turned to leave. She just stood in the open door with a bewildered look, and suddenly the reason came to me. She couldn't read English. 'Do you want me to read it to you?' I asked. 'Good girl, good girl!' she ventured. It took some time before she understood me. But when she did, we both smiled at each other, completely happy—I, because I had made her understand, and she, because she had understood. How much I would have given to be able to speak that woman's ancient language!"

"I had very little trouble understanding and speaking the Italian language, as I am majoring in Spanish in high school, and I find these two tongues closely related. Because of this I have grown very interested in the Italian people. Their native dishes are unforgettable. Their cookies especially are delicious, lightly flavored and hardened to a chewy stage. One has a hard time refusing fourths and fifths. These people won my



respect and admiration almost immediately, and they continue to do so every day.

"The United States has for its citizens people of every color, so naturally a little of this letter should be given over to that subject. Of the Three Wise Men who paid homage to Jesus in the manger at Bethlehem, two were colored—one, an Oriental; the other, an African. The third man was an Occidental. Jesus held them equal in his heart—black, yellow, and white.

"Two of the nicest girls in my troop are Chinese. And this summer I came to know a very fine Negro family, the mother of whom had a beautiful voice. I have never heard a lullaby sung to a child more sweetly, or with greater feeling, by another. And just remember that the first Americans, the redskins of the West, are among the greatest fighters in this second World War.

"In closing, I want to say that every boy and girl I've ever talked with, regardless of race, color, or creed, has just one thing to say about America—'It's my country and I love it.'"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

LOST—AN ISLAND

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

minutes. Dizzy yawned, straightening her hat, and announced, "I hope Daddy has one enormous supper ready. I'm hollow down to my toes!"

"Me, too," Johnny agreed—and sat down violently as the train lurched to a stop without warning.

They were the only passengers left in their car, and the conductor had apparently not thought it worth while to come back to help them off the train. Mrs. Curtis stood up hurriedly.

"I didn't realize we were so nearly there," she said, glancing about her. "Oh, Johnny, those bags are too much for you!"

Johnny was struggling manfully with three bags of assorted sizes, while Dizzy retrieved their fishing rods and the roll of camp blankets. Mrs. Curtis and Gail each seized a suitcase and followed Johnny and Dizzy to the door.

They had barely time to scramble off the rear platform—theirs was the last car—when the locomotive shrieked warningly and the train began to move.

"If we hadn't been quick," Gail grumbled, "we'd have been carried past our station. They might at least give us time to—"

Johnny broke into her protest, his voice sounding a little queer. "Yes, but where *is* our station?" he asked, addressing no one in particular.

In a startled silence, the other members of the party stood staring about them, their eyes following the direction of Johnny's glance. There was neither station, nor station platform. Only the shining rails and the black, wet ties between; and, to their left, the bare, muddy ground sloping to the lake.

Mrs. Curtis said in an alarmed voice, "Oh, children, I ought to have been more careful! This can't have been a station stop."

"Evidently," Gail agreed in that cool, too polite tone she reserved for her stepmother.

Dizzy flung her a troubled look. "But we didn't stop to look, either," she muttered.

Johnny touched Gail's elbow. "There's a house over there. Probably a fisherman's shack, or something. Anyhow, I can see a dock and a boat. I'd better go over and ask some questions."

"I'll go with you," Gail offered, not looking at Dizzy's reproachful face.

To the two left behind, it seemed that the boy and girl were gone a long time. But at last Dizzy exclaimed, "They're coming! And there's a man walking over to that boat. Do you suppose they've persuaded him to row us up to Wabanaki Landing?" She began to run toward Gail and Johnny.

"Any luck? How far are we from the Landing?" she shrieked at them.

"Two miles," Johnny said, as soon as he was near enough not to have to shout back. "That man in there—he's only a boy, really, and not too bright, I'd say—but he seemed to know where your island is, and he's willing to take us there in his boat."

"Yes, he says it's nearer to the island from here than if we went all the way to the Landing," Gail put in. "He didn't seem to get what we were talking about at first, but finally he came to and said he'd take us."

"I'm afraid your father will be terribly worried when we don't arrive on that train,"

Mrs. Curtis murmured doubtfully, her face troubled.

Gail said, shrugging, "Well, we can't help that—now." Her tone implied that if her stepmother had stopped to think of that possibility earlier, they would not be in their present predicament. After all, she told herself excusingly, it was Ellin who had stood up first and urged them to hurry when the train stopped so suddenly.

The tall, gangling boy who waited for them in an exceedingly dirty boat, did not, as Johnny declared, look quite bright—or indeed, bright at all.

"Are you sure he knows where to take us?" Ellin Curtis asked in a lowered voice. She glanced from their silent boatman to the unprepossessing craft in which they were about to embark, and her delicate brows drew together.

"Yes, of course he does. Don't keep fussing, Ellin," Gail said impatiently, settling herself beside Dizzy who had already seated herself in the bow. She was not often openly rude to her stepmother, and Dizzy threw her a quick, protesting look.

Ellin Curtis stepped into the boat as nimbly as either of her stepdaughters, and took her seat in the stern. Dizzy, her dark eyes mutinous, edged herself out of the bow and, stepping carefully over the seats, sat down close to her stepmother.

"Don't worry about Daddy, Ellin," she whispered. "He won't have to be scared about us long. Probably we'll be waiting for him on the island when he gets back from the Landing. And it wasn't your fault we got off at the wrong place," she added fiercely. "Any of us could have looked for the station first, but not even Miss High-and-Mighty Gail thought of that."

Mrs. Curtis smiled and laid her fingertip against Dizzy's lips.

"Never mind—but thank you, darling," she said softly. There were still faint red spots in each cheek that Gail's rudeness had put there.

Johnny said under his breath, as he took the second pair of oars, "Somebody ought to smack you for that one, Gail!"

The boat pushed ahead into the mist. The stupid looking boy did seem to know where he was going. He avoided a small island dead ahead, and swung around it, evidently following some familiar channel. Rocks cropped up out of the water here and there, and they could see more islands as the mist-shrouded prospect opened up before them, each with its glimpse of roofs among the trees and a rustic boathouse or two on the water's edge.

Nobody in the boat felt like talking. They sat, huddled in damp discomfort, each busy with his or her thoughts, or trying to stare into the mist which was thinning now perceptibly. Presently the little craft veered abruptly to the right, and a low wooden dock emerged from the fog. With a deft sweep of his oars, the boatman brought them alongside. Shipping his oars, he rose and stepped over the seat, picking up a small coil of rope as he went. While Johnny helped to fend the boat off the float, he made the bow fast with his line.

"Here's your island," he said indifferently,

in a nasal drawl. "D'you want I should go up to the house with you?"

Mrs. Curtis said hesitantly, "Why—no, I suppose we can manage." She added, turning to the girls, "There's no other boat here, so it looks as if your father isn't back from the Landing yet."

The boatman set their bags ashore, and his passengers stepped carefully over the side onto the bobbing float. Immediately he bent again to his oars and the boat moved swiftly away over the rain-dappled surface of the lake.

The downpour had increased now in density, and the drenched group lost no time in picking up their belongings and hurrying toward the house, whose square, substantial outlines they could just make out through the mist.

There was a long porch across the front, and all the windows that opened on this were heavily shuttered. There was even a forbidding storm door across the entrance.

"Daddy must have taken the key with him," Gail observed anxiously. "How are we going to get in?"

"I'll find a loose shutter somewhere," Johnny reassured her. "Or pry one open."

"It's funny that your father hasn't opened the house for airing, if he's been living in it for three days," Mrs. Curtis said, her voice puzzled.

"Oh, men," Dizzy retorted airily, grinning at Johnny. She left her meaning to be inferred, and moved over to the nearest window, tugging at the shutters experimentally. To her surprise, one of them swung outward under her fingers.

"Maybe Daddy did open them—and just pulled them to, when he left, against the rain," she suggested.

No one answered, because Johnny had already worked the catch of the long French window up with the biggest blade of his knife, and they all followed him through it into the house, dispensing with the formality of front doors.

Inside, they found themselves in a room of generous proportions, which seemed to take in the whole width of the house. The only light came from the window by which they had entered, as the others—there were four in all—were still shuttered. Surprisingly, there were two big fireplaces at opposite ends of the room, both laid ready with kindling and logs.

"Two fireplaces! Say, that'll be swell on cool evenings," Johnny commented with satisfaction.

"Yes, but neither of them looks as if anyone had burned fires in it for a long time," Mrs. Curtis pointed out. "Do you suppose your father's been living for three days in a cold house—as well as a dark one?" She bit her lip, glancing about her with a startled expression.

"What is it, Ellin?" Dizzy asked. "What's—wrong?"

For a moment Ellin Curtis continued to let her glance travel about the big room.

"I don't quite know," she said. "But certainly something is wrong—nobody has lived in this room recently. Oh, don't ask me how I know," she cried in swift impatience. "It's made up of a lot of things any housekeeper

would recognize. Those fireplaces and the dark windows and—and the chairs set so stiffly against the walls. You girls know how your father moves the furniture about, the moment he comes into a room.

"And no ashes in any of the ash trays," she went on more composedly. "Your father never remembers to empty ash trays himself, and he certainly never lived in this room for three days without smoking."

"You mean—" Dizzy's eyes were frightened—"you mean that Daddy's never been here at all?"

"That, or—" Ellin put a steadying hand on Dizzy's shoulder—"or we're on the wrong island. I was afraid from the first that boy didn't really know where we wanted to go."

There was an appalled silence.

"But I told him the Curtis island—and he said he knew it," Gail insisted.

Johnny spoke quickly. "Your uncle Benny's name wasn't Curtis, was it? I thought he was your great uncle, and that his name was Harrison. I didn't hear you say 'Curtis,' Gail."

"Oh, but I'm dumb!" Gail's face turned crimson. "I only thought about it's being Daddy's island now. Of course that boy wouldn't know it by our name. Oh, Johnny, if you'd only heard me and spoken up!"

"Do you suppose there's another Curtis family owning an island up here?" Dizzy demanded.

"Why not?" Johnny countered. "Or maybe a name something like Curtis and—that drip fisherman misunderstood."

He moved over to the book shelves across the room and selected a volume at random, flipping the front cover back. Dizzy, who had run to peer over his shoulder, let out a little shriek.

"Look at this book plate!" she cried and snatched the volume from Johnny. "Burton, not Curtis. But I guess it's near enough. Won't Daddy crow over us?" She stopped abruptly at Gail's lifted eyebrows.

"Just how, Dizzy Curtis," her sister inquired, "will we get word to him where we are, so he can crow over us? This is a closed house. I don't know, of course, whether they have telephones on these small islands, but even if there is one here, it's bound to be disconnected for the winter. And we didn't see any boat outside, either."

"Don't frighten her," Ellin Curtis said, speaking with a quiet authority that brought the eyes of the boy and the two girls quickly to her. Imperceptibly, tension relaxed.

"Nothing but a little inconvenience can happen to us, after all, children. We can't possibly do anything about getting away to-night, so suppose we all turn to and try to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Johnny, will you light those fires, please? The nights are still cold up here in June. And when that's done, you might unroll our blankets and dry them out by the hearth. Come on, Gail and Dizzy. Let's do a little scouting around to see what the prospects are for beds and supper."

Instantly it seemed as if the atmosphere in the room had changed. Johnny grinned and moved toward the nearest fireplace with alacrity. Even Gail looked pleased at the prospect of a bit of adventure as she followed her stepmother and Dizzy upstairs.

A little while later they gathered in the

(Continued on page 30)

Girl with Wings

★
PEGGIE DIEHL

Powers Model—Pilot too!

★

"I have found that flying and modeling have something in common," says Peggie Diehl. "You need good health for both. All models are careful to get eight hours sleep a night, plenty of exercise, and proper diet... I've let Wheaties help make my breakfast the nourishing meal it should be."

Try Wheaties—a nice big bowlful, with plenty of milk and fruit. Fun to eat. These whole wheat flakes are light, crisp, tasty. Nourishing, too. Whole grain values.

SPECIAL! Pictures of Glamorous Powers Models—set of three, including "Girl with Wings." Each picture 5 by 7 in., suitable for framing. Today, send one Wheaties box top and only 5c (to cover handling costs) to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 833, Minneapolis 15, Minn.



INCLUDE WHEATIES
IN *Your*
MODEL LIFE!



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IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

THE WAR BEHIND THE WAR

American scientists are pulling together for victory. They've been doing better and better teamwork ever since Pearl Harbor. They're busy on one of our vital fronts.

It may be hard to think of laboratories as making up a "front." But add them together and they're among the most important fronts of all. German scientists peering through microscopes, Japanese scientists studying test tubes, Russian scientists busy at draughting boards, British and American scientists bending over blueprints of new and secret weapons—all these men are fighters in just as real a sense



as are the men who throw hand grenades, or drop bombs.

Luckily, the United Nations have many of the world's foremost scientists fighting laboratory battles on their side. Groups in each country are co-ordinating their work for full-effect effectiveness.

Among the groups of scientists in the United States, the Office of Scientific Research and Development (OSRD) is by far the largest. It is made up of about six thousand military-research workers, busy in some three hundred college and industrial laboratories. This army of science has a "general." He is the brilliant physicist, Dr. Vannevar (the last two syllables rhyme with "beaver") Bush.

Back in 1940, before we went to war, Dr. Bush began to worry. He was unhappy over the failure of American research workers to pool their information, their findings. What if war caught them unprepared? So Dr. Bush began to work at the job of forming a sort of science team.

Nobody could have been better fitted for that job. Fifty-year-old Vannevar Bush was the president of the Carnegie Institution. He had studied engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and at Harvard, had been an instructor in electrical engineering at M.I.T.

He was famous in learned circles as the inventor of a lightning calculator nicknamed the Mechanical Brain. His own brain was a good calculator, too. As a boy he had loved mathematics, especially "math" which could be put to practical use. He had spent his

spare time tinkering with watches, clocks, roller skates, bicycles. He was full of the idea that there was almost always a better way of doing things if only it could be found. Much later he hit on some better ways of doing things in applied electricity and electronics.

During Dr. Bush's expanding career he had made many scientific friends. Some of these formed the core of the group destined to grow into the Office of Scientific Research and Development.

OSRD works in the closest secrecy. It is in constant touch with specialists in the separate laboratories of our Army and Navy and with its overseas counterpart, the British Central Scientific Office. In all it has turned out more than two hundred war devices, many of them now in use on our world-wide battle fronts. Among its contributions to winning the war are some outstanding improvements in radar and in submarine detection devices, as well as that versatile amphibian truck, the "duck."

Here are some of the other inventions and devices which our American scientists, both in and out of Dr. Bush's group, have produced:

A complex gadget enabling bombardiers to drop bombs, even through the thickest clouds, on unseen targets.

Rocket weapons, such as the anti-tank rocket gun known as the "bazooka."

Bomb sights and gun sights of unbelievable accuracy.

New explosives of enormous power and new gases to be used only if desperate enemies should try gas warfare.

Cannon which can shoot farther and with greater precision than any previously in use—and range finders which contribute to the new precision.

That strange flying machine, enemy of U-boats, the military helicopter.

A type of plane not yet tried out in battle, but which is full of destructive promise—the amazing jet-propelled plane. It is driven by hot, expanding gases, roaring out of nozzles projecting from the trailing edges of the wings.

Dr. Bush, so his friends say, is not throwing up his hat and cheering because American scientists have had to turn their hands to destruction. Like other men and women of the laboratory, he thinks of research directed toward killing as a grim, disagreeable necessity. He looks forward to the days when science will be free once more to go back to its main job of trying to make life fuller, richer, happier.

WAR TIME IS SPORTS TIME, TOO

The French people are not all with us on the subject of sports. This was made quite clear when a French author wrote an article the gist of which was: It is difficult to believe that Americans take war seriously; they are still interested in sports.

Still interested! It might almost be said that the American soldier abroad is *more* interested in sports, now, than he ever was. A former football coach at Fordham College, now in the war, went to the South Pacific. He is at present a lieutenant commander. His name is Jim Crowley. He started a South Seas recreation center and ran it with efficiency and zingo. Admiral Chester W. Nimitz stated that, as a morale builder, the place was worth five battleships.

Lieutenant General Mark Clark would probably agree. In any case, when General Clark stepped from a plane onto a North African airfield and saw men standing around, he asked what his arrival had stopped. When he was told, "A baseball game," he said, "Give me a bat! I want to get into this."

Major General Claire L. Chennault, who used to boss the redoubtable Flying Tigers, is building up his reputation as a pitcher, in his time off from his air command.

A gatherer of statistics has stated that the most popular "participant sport" in this country is bowling, and that second in the number of followers comes roller skating. Well, for soldiers abroad, roller skating is out. But in New Guinea, a group of G.I.'s made a bowling alley and laboriously whittled and carved out pins and balls to outfit it with. After that, it was their proud boast that they had the one



and only bowling alley on any of the fighting fronts.

The most popular team game in this war has proved to be softball. During the past year over eight hundred thousand of our fighting men here in camps and across the oceans have competed in softball games. And the girls play it, too—the Wacs and the Waves and the Spars. They're busy young women, but just give them a free hour and they show that they belong to the most athletic nation on earth.

HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE—FOR RATS

Rats are on a rampage, now, in many places—and mice, too, are going to town. War time, so we're told, is usually an extremely ratty time for ships and seaports. People have more important things to do than killing rats and the rodent population swells. Inland, the increase is usually less marked. But in frequently bombed cities, even far from the sea, the number of rats and mice has zoomed. A partly demolished building, with its fissures, its heaps of rubble, its hundreds of little hiding places, can be a rat heaven.

Ruined German cities such as Berlin, Frankfurt, Cologne, have—according to current reports—become rat-ridden. One Swedish correspondent, basing his estimate on published German figures, declared that there are more than eighty million rats at present in the Third Reich.

Men claiming to be dependable rat-and-



mouse census takers say numerous American seaports have twice as many rodents now as they did before the war. Estimates for New York alone range as high as seven million rats. Our Boards of Health are not happy about them, for they can be bad citizens. Fleas from infected rats can transmit several forms of plague, with bubonic plague the best known. No wonder there's rigid inspection of ships anchoring in American harbors, especially of ships from foreign ports where there have been outbreaks of plague. If rats are found aboard they are killed with poisonous fumes.

Moreover, rats are great destroyers. They start fires by gnawing the heads of "strike-anywhere" matches or the insulation of electric wires. They nibble messily at fruit on its way to market, cut holes in sacks of grain, even kill live poultry. It's been estimated that, in 1943, they did damage, in this country alone, amounting to two hundred million dollars.

England, too, has had more than its share of the long-tailed public enemies. Nazi bombings have made snug homes for the rodents. Also, mice and rats were found to be infesting secret food-storage "camps." The damage ran into thousands of pounds sterling. Gassing, poisoning, and trapping wiped out a large percentage of the pests. In addition, England has been calling on its furry defenders—its cats. It has been summoning them into service.

Each mobilized pussy is inducted, given a number, and assigned to patrol duty in a warehouse, a big market, a food camp, or a store. Each gets a daily allowance of canned, dehydrated milk. Unlike dogs, which have to be trained for war duty, England's cats need no breaking in—they just follow their natural bent.

English pussies have such prestige now, it seems, that it's getting to be downright unpatriotic for a Britisher to hurl an old shoe or a bottle at a nocturnally singing, mobilized cat.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

big kitchen that went all across the rear of the house as the living room did in front. A quick inspection of the cupboard revealed a cheering array of canned goods—vegetables, fruit, soups, and some tins of condensed milk and biscuits. Even if they were kept prisoners on the Burtons' island for several days, nobody would go hungry.

"We'll have to use what we need," Mrs. Curtis explained. "And when the family come up to open their house, your father will pay them for what we've eaten—and we'll have to give them the proper ration points, too." She looked a little rueful. "I suppose we'll have to eat more or less in restaurants the rest of the summer—canned goods take such a lot of points."

Upstairs, they had discovered three bedrooms, one at the front with a four-poster which Gail and Dizzy could share, and a connecting room for Mrs. Curtis. Across the hall, a room that was obviously some boy's bedroom was allotted to Johnny.

The beds were not, of course, made—the mattresses being carefully covered with clean dust sheets—but there were their own camp blankets warming by the fire downstairs, and a search of several closets had revealed an additional supply.

There were plenty of old-fashioned kerosene lamps in the house, but nobody could locate the oil for them, so they contented themselves with candles which they found in a big box in the kitchen cabinet.

A picnic version of supper was cooked and eaten by one of the big fireplaces, and shortly afterward the tired travelers spread their camp blankets on the beds upstairs, and retired for the night.

Dizzy, who had declared she was "dog-tired," fell asleep almost immediately, but Gail lay awake a long time. If she had blamed her stepmother for allowing them to leave the train prematurely, she was honest enough to blame herself for their present predicament. She had to admit, also—wincing away from the memory—that not by word or look had Ellin reminded her of that fact.

She must have fallen asleep finally, for when next she was conscious of her surroundings there was a faint before-dawn grayness outlining the windows. Dizzy was still sound asleep, curled up childishly, her face burrowed into the pillow.

Gail hesitated a moment, then slipped out of bed, wrapping her woolly bathrobe about her, and crept into the adjoining room.

Ellin was awake, too, sitting at the window gazing out at the lake. Her dark hair was braided in two long pigtails like a school girl's and her face looked somehow defenseless and surprisingly young, with that troubled little pucker in her usually smooth forehead.

"Are you really worried, Ellin?" Gail asked, padding across the cold floor in slippered feet.

"Not about us," Ellin returned, moving to make room for her on the window seat. "But I kept thinking all night how anxious your father must be. It may be days before they trace us here, or the Burtons come up to open their house."

Gail said soberly, "There may be other islands near us, with houses on them that we can signal to."

LOST—AN ISLAND

"Perhaps," the other murmured doubtfully. "We'll see, when the sun comes up. But I believe these island houses aren't usually opened till the end of June."

Gail drew in her breath. She asked bluntly, "Why don't you say something about it's being my fault for giving that dumb boy the wrong directions? Because it was my fault, you know."

"And mine because I let us get off the train," Ellin added. "It won't help the situation for us to blame each other, Gail."

"No, I guess not," Gail agreed, coloring. She added, "I should think you'd hate me by



this time, Ellin. But all you seem to be thinking about is Daddy's being worried."

"Well, dear, when you care about someone you do think first of that," her stepmother reminded her. "And I feel as if I'd failed him, letting you and Dizzy in for a jam like this. That—that hurts, Gail. And somehow I've failed him, too, in not making his children love me. In not being able to prevent his home from being unhappy, as it is now."

She spoke sadly. "I've honestly tried, but I don't seem to get anywhere. And yet, I can't believe your own mother wouldn't be glad to know I'm trying to take care of your father and you girls for her. I'm not taking anyone's place, really—just trying to make a place of my own with each one of you. If you would only help me, Gail, instead of hating me, I think I could succeed. Dizzy wouldn't be hard to win, if you were on my side."

In the silence which followed, Gail fought her battle with the mistaken sense of loyalty to her dead mother that, in the light of Ellin's words, seemed not so much loyalty as unkindness and lack of understanding. Would her mother be disappointed in her, if she knew? Johnny had said something like that, too. Gail twisted uncomfortably. Had she, perhaps, been only jealous—not loyal as she'd believed?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

She looked up, unhappily, and found Ellin's eyes watching her. They were kind eyes, warm and friendly. The thought went through the girl's mind that, just so, her own mother must have watched her often, years ago, when something was wrong in a small girl's world, and only love and patience could set it right.

Suddenly, Ellin was on her feet, crying excitedly, "Look, Gail, a boat! Look! There off the float!"

A minute later, the three Curtises and Johnny were racing down the path, buttoning coats about them as they ran.

Mr. Curtis stepped from the small craft to the bobbing float. He stood still, waving to them, with a shout of welcome; and Ellin, Dizzy, and Gail rushed into his outstretched arms together.

"A fine runaway family I have!" he said, holding them close. "I've been up and down this confounded lake all night, tracking you down."

"How did you—finally?" They asked it in chorus, their faces bright as the new morning about them.

Dizzy rubbed her cheeks against her father's arm. "I wasn't scared. I knew all the time you'd come."

Mr. Curtis released them with a rueful laugh. "The conductor reported at the Landing that you must have got off when the train stopped a couple of miles back to shoo a cow off the track."

"A cow!" Johnny said in disgust. "For crying out loud! We lost your island for an old cow! Please go on, sir!"

"Well, of course, I had rowed over from the island in Uncle Benjie's boat, and when I found out that you were not on the train, I hunted up a man who knows the lake to give me a hand with the oars. We went back to pick you up. Couldn't find you where the train had stopped, but Armand—that's my boatman—thought you'd probably gone to the island with the Gaspard boy, because his boat wasn't tied up at his dock. On that theory, we rowed back to our island, hoping you'd be there already, waiting."

"And then—when we weren't?" Ellin prompted him.

"It was a pretty bad moment," her husband acknowledged. "But then we thought maybe you'd been taken to Wabanaki Landing instead, so we went over there again. After that—this was long past midnight—we kept on down the lake to the Gaspard boy's place. He was back by then, and asleep in bed. But we woke him up, and finally Armand got it out of him that he'd left you on the Burtons' island. Why, in goodness' name, the Burtons?"

"Oh, Gail told him the Curtis Island, and he made Burton out of it," Dizzy giggled. "And here we've been, ever since!"

"You got along all right?" Mr. Curtis asked anxiously. "In a strange, boarded-up house? Did you find anything that you could eat?"

"I'll say we did," Gail nodded, taking up the tale. "Plenty of supper, good beds, and two fires to keep us warm. Everything okay except—" She turned and flashed a shy smile at Ellin over her father's shoulder. "Except that Mother was worried about you, Daddy," she said.

MINIATURE MASTERPIECES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

oriental rug. One of the English landscape paintings, hung over a tiny mantelpiece, was originally the cover of an old card case. The rugs in a French eighteenth-century bedroom were once a needlepoint handbag and the top of a powder box found in another Paris shop.

There are tiny doors that really open, with hinges and latches that work like those on actual doors; minute fireplaces that glow as though real fires were burning; a thimble-sized hourglass for timing eggs in one kitchen; a secretary with drawers that open and close—and even secret drawers. The grandfather clock in one American drawing room opens and may be wound like a real clock. All the silverware is sterling and hand-wrought. Teaspoons are a quarter of an inch in length. In a Cape Cod cottage living room there is a doll's tea set on one of the tables—a miniature of a miniature! The modernistic paintings and sculptures in the American penthouse were made to order by modern artists.

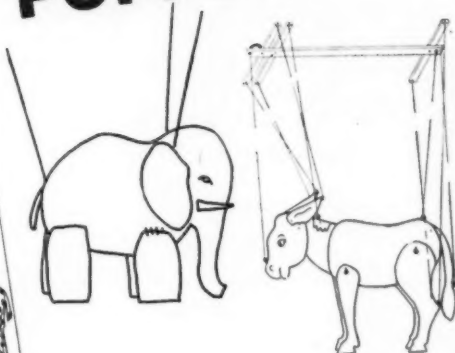
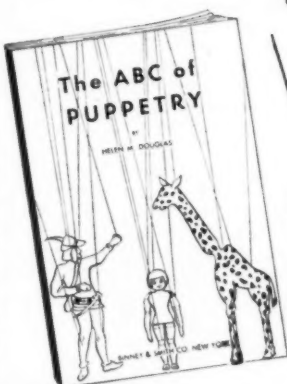
By 1940, it had become a tremendous task merely to supervise the showings of the Thorne Miniature Rooms. They had become so well known and were in such demand, that Mrs. Thorne herself could no longer continue to take care of the details, or arrange when and where they were to be sent. So she turned them over to the Art Institute of Chicago, and their tours are arranged from there. Although the first set of rooms has been retired from exhibition, the European and American rooms are in constant demand and are nearly always on exhibit somewhere. They are booked in advance for months, and even for years, at museums all over the country.

Being combination housekeeper-custodian for one of these groups of rooms is a responsible, full-time job. It is not the easy task that it might appear at first. Not a day passes but that some tiny object is jarred out of place in some room. Then the housekeeper goes to work with cement, tweezers, and wax to put it back securely where it belongs.

The daily dusting that is necessary to keep the little rooms looking spick and span is done with small paintbrushes, so as not to disturb the furnishings more than need be. Every piece of furniture and every tiny ornament is kept immaculate. All the silverware and brassware, small as the pieces are, must be gleaming every day of an exhibition.

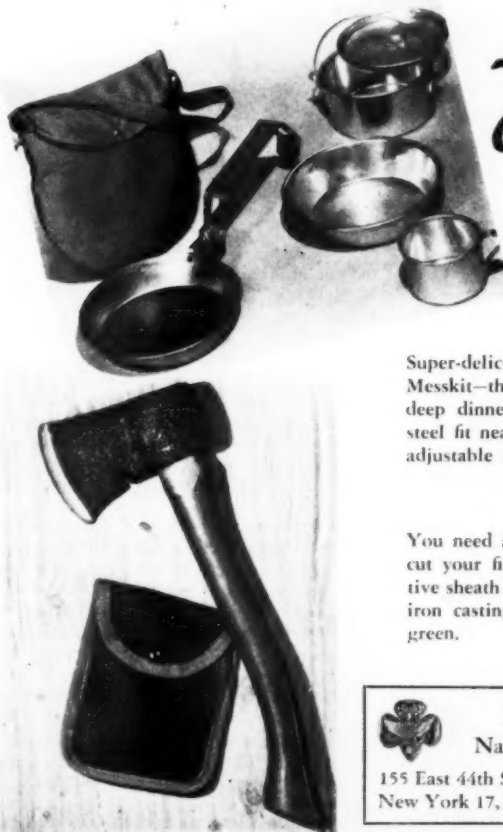
When the group is to be moved to another city, the housekeeper's job begins in earnest. In dismantling the Thorne Rooms, every bit of furnishing must be wrapped individually in white tissue paper and cotton. The very smallest pieces are covered with red tissue, to prevent their being lost or misplaced. Each room has a specially designed wooden box to hold its furnishings, and when all the boxes have been carefully packed they fit into a specially built packing case. It takes two weeks to dismantle and pack the thirty-seven American rooms. Then, after traveling to the next museum on the schedule, the housekeeper is kept busy for two weeks more, setting up the lovely little exhibits for the public to study and admire.

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MOURNFULNUMBERS

Beatrice, your mind works with astonishing clarity and effectiveness for one so young."

Bushy refrained from comment. She made, unseen, a funny face as she pocketed the "further instructions" that were wedged in a crack of the ledge. She surmised that when she took over young Mortimer Gerard Simpson, she might as well have the directions at hand instead of bucketing back over the rocks for them.

Lofty scrambled up the ledge, up the stubble bank above it, and set off cross-country among the bayberry bushes and briars. He knew where the end of Trail Nine lay. Bushy followed as best she could; there was hardly time to enjoy the smell of the sweet-fern as she crushed it in passing, or to snatch a warm blackberry from the arching brambles. In sight, here and there in the distance, were various pairs of people, laughing and shouting as they roamed and searched. Evidently the treasure hunt proper was in full swing.

Lofty stopped with a jerk, and Bushy, panting up beside him, peered ahead to see what had halted him. He pointed with a tremulous finger. Seated at some distance away, on one of the scattered stones of a tumbled wall, was Marjorie Olmsted—busily occupied in talking to a tall and well favored youth, wearing the uniform of a Naval Aviation Cadet, who stood near by. Both were eating blackberries, and laughing from time to time.

"Who is that?" whispered Lofty. "Who can he be? And where is Mortimer Gerard Simpson?"

"It is my belief," said Bushy with quiet conviction, "that he *is* Mortimer Gerard Simpson."

Lofty sagged slightly against a wild cherry tree. He swallowed several times.

"Did you actually hear that he was a rabbit little fourteen-year-old?" demanded Bushy. "Or did you just make that up?"

"Knowing Loretta," said Lofty sheepishly, "I—er—assumed it." He stared at the unwelcome vision of Cadet Simpson for a long moment, then wrenched himself upright and plunged forward. Bushy rushed after him and caught his arm.

"Hold on!" she cried urgently. "Wait a minute!"

"The sooner I dispose of this pin-feathered pilot, the better," said Lofty grimly.

"You can't do it," Bushy told him firmly. "You simply *can't*, Lofty. Don't you see? If it really was a shrimp little boy, you could—and Margie would know why. But the way things are, it would be a sort of insult."

"Insult?" Lofty repeated. "Whatta you mean, insult?"

Bushy restrained him with a sinewy clutch. "Listen! Margie is probably thinking that you did this nicely," she pleaded, "for a sort of honor. A fine opinion this Simpson will have of the Offshore Club if you shove him off on me—and a fine opinion Margie will have of *you*. She thinks you've handed her out the honored guest. Don't you see?"

Lofty began to see, though he hated to admit it, even to himself. "But what on earth will everybody think?" he muttered. "You and me treasure-hunting together! It's preposterous."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

"It isn't," snapped Bushy. "They'll think it handsome. I suppose you've matched up everybody else in the combinations they usually do play around in. You couldn't very well pick out anybody *but* Margie. And as long as she has Honorable Cadet, naturally I'm the only possible resort that's left to you."

Lofty pushed his lip in and out, mumbling inaudibly.

"Well, come on," said Bushy. "We might as well get going." She pulled the Trail Six instructions from her pocket and opened them. "*Find the following items and bring them in as soon as possible to the Boatouse: The first sprig of goldenrod, a double acorn,* a—"

Like one emerging from a trance, Lofty jerked into action and snatched the paper from his sister's hand. "Oh, my goodness!" he piped. "The instructions! Trail Six, of course. We—we've got to go and speak to Margie." And he was off across the brambly upland.

Margie looked up with a smile. "Why, Lofty!" she cried. "How is it going? It's a marvelous idea, simply marvelous. Do you know Jerry Simpson? He's been telling me the most thrilling things about flying. Hello, Bushy! Having fun?"

"All sorts of fun," grinned Bushy.

Lofty had backed himself up against the stone wall beside Margie, his hands behind him. With the blankly impersonal expression of some one attempting secretly to free himself from handcuffs, he ducked and writhed mysteriously in front of the wall.

"Ha! Glad you got here in time, Simpson," he mumbled. "Hope you don't disdain this rather—er—childish sport."

"Swell change from barracks and practice dives," Cadet Simpson grinned. "Glad I got in on it."

Margie rose. "We really ought to open our instructions and start on this hunt," she said. "I'm afraid we've lost some time—getting acquainted and all that."

"The time wasn't lost. Not for me, certainly," said Simpson gallantly, and Lofty ground his teeth.

"Do you mind moving, Lofty?" Margie asked. "I must get the paper. I think you're standing in front of it—it's in the wall there."

Lofty sprang aside with alacrity, and Margie pulled the folded instructions from a crevice.

"Well, little Beatrice and I must be off," Lofty said brightly. "Good hunting, good hunting!"

Margie looked after them. "Lofty is really an awfully interesting boy," she told Cadet Jerry Simpson. "I don't know why he had such a jumpy manner just now. He's usually so poised." She opened the paper in her hand, and her pretty forehead rumped in passing perplexity. "How funny!" she marveled. "While I was waiting so long, I took just a peep at this beforehand—and I'm *sure* it said something about a dead fish. But this is all about goldenrod and pine-cones."

"That sounds more charming, anyway," said Mortimer Gerard (alias Jerry) Simpson.

"WELL," said Bushy, taking the paper from Lofty's hand, "let's be about find-

ing our goldenrod." There was a silence as she read. "I see," she mused. "I see why you had to do that presto-chango stunt at the wall. 'One dead fish, one ten-pound rock, four defunct clams, one thistle, eighteen yards of wet seaweed.' H'm, these were the little items devised for Trail Nine—for me and Mortimer. Goldenrod and butterfly wings would be a heap nicer for Margie. Well, come on! Let's nose out our dead fish."

Lofty had seated himself on a field stone, in a dejected pose.

"There's a lot more of that *Numbers* poem," continued Bushy. "We had to learn the whole thing. It's by Emerson, or Longfellow, or Whittier, or somebody.

*"In the world's broad field of battle,
"In the something-or-other of Life,
"Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
"Be a hero in the strife!"*

*"Let us then be up and doing
"With a heart for any fate,
"Still achieving, still pursuing—"*

"Oh, for Pete's sake, hush!" cried Lofty. "You sound like a quiz program, or worse. There's simply no point in our pretending to go on."

"We'll certainly cut a pretty silly figure at the Boathouse if we don't," Bushy said. She stood over him with an air of authority. "Can't you be a sport?"

Crickets chirped in the stillness of the August meadow, and bees hummed in the mullein flowers. From a distance came the shouts of the scattered treasure-seekers as they laughingly rushed here and there on their strange and varied quests. Lofty got to his feet.

"Coming to think of it," he muttered, without looking at his sister, "you're a pretty good sport yourself. Come on! I know where the dead fish is."

The band that assembled, travel-stained and hungry, at the Boathouse from five o'clock on, bore with them an amazing assortment of flotsam and jetsam. There were lobster-pot buoys, crab claws, quartz rocks, cow-bells, bones, beach-glass, scallop shells, driftwood, special leaves, snake skins—indeed, a cross section of most of the moveable articles of the county. Amid the popping of ginger ale bottle tops and the noisy munching of cookies, everything was inspected, with accompanying laughter and jeers. Bushy and Lofty, whose unsavory list was complete, were told with shrieks of mirth to leave their exhibit outside the Boathouse. Margie and her handsome escort, despite their delayed start, had come in first with all their woody items, so were adjudged the winners. Lofty, after rubbing off his hands somewhat, made a very

brief speech and presented the prizes—pocket picnic kits of knife, fork, spoon, and cup in waterproof cases.

"How heavenly!" cried Margie. "Oh, how I've always wanted and needed such a thing."

"Pretty neat," said Jerry Simpson. "I can even use this at the Base, no fooling." Then he grinned suddenly—and he had a frank, disarming grin—and turned to the crowd. "I want to thank all of you," he said, "for welcoming me with this wow of a treasure-hunt. I don't get leave any too often, but I can tell you, I'll remember *this* leave a long time. And I think there ought to be a second prize for the funniest bunch of treasure, and the best sports who were willing to drag such stuff in—Ryder, here, and his sister."

A shout of assenting laughter confirmed his suggestion. Lofty fidgeted and mumbled, "Booby prize," but Jerry was stepping over to Bushy.

"This is sort of impromptu," he said. "I wish I had a prize for both, but maybe you'd accept this—Beatrice, isn't it?"

And he handed Bushy a little blue leather-covered notebook with the gold wings of the naval air force stamped on the cover.

Margie had gone over to Lofty and was speaking for his ear. "It was a wonderful party, Lofty—truly wonderful. Nobody but you could have thought it up. And everything went so smoothly—there wasn't a hitch. I should have loved to do the hunt with you, but it was ever so thoughtful of you to give me the guest of honor."

"Who else, who else?" said Lofty in a strangled tone.

AS they trudged homeward up the sandy road, Bushy thoughtfully turned the leaves of the blue notebook.

"This is a right nice little thing," she mused. "It would be good to copy poetry into. I believe I'll start with, 'Tell me not, in mournful numbers,'"

A sort of groan—part mental anguish, part bone weariness—was wrung from Lofty.

"I'm sorry," said Bushy suddenly. "You must be half dead. You were laying those trails all morning."

"A lifetime ago," said Lofty. "This has made an old man of me."

"And, departing, leave behind us
"Footprints on the sands of time,"

Bushy murmured.

Suddenly she cried in a very different voice, "Holy mackerel! Do you know what we did leave behind us?"

"I can bear no more," Lofty warned her. "I'll run back and pitch it off the skid," said Bushy, turning again towards the Boathouse. "That fish!" she called back in explanation.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

dragged hens beat a squawking retreat as Major came bounding among them.

"Here, Major," I said, grasping his collar. Then I turned to Elly. "I saw someone peek out of that window." I whispered, and at that moment the door opened and a man came lounging out, with a shotgun tucked under his arm.

A chill ran down my spine, as I recognized the evil face that had leered at me through
(Continued on page 35)



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DARK HOLLOW

"Major will certainly come in very handy!"

Five minutes' laborious walking, with snow in our eyes and mud underfoot, brought us to a tumble-down shack on a high bluff overlooking the lake. How the building remained upright was a mystery, for its walls and sway-backed roof were apparently held together only by numerous patches made of flattened tin cans. A door and one small window, thick with dirt, graced the front of the cabin, and both were tightly closed. A few be-



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?



This list has been selected by permission from the motion picture reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City

—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

GASLIGHT. Here we have Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer, and Joseph Cotten at their most intelligent best, and a smoothly plotted mystery thriller timed to just the right pace to fill the audience with suspense, all of which results in melodrama at its most engrossing. The story never depends on theatrical tricks, and includes such faithful character drawing that the film is a masterpiece of narrative. Don't, by all means, start seeing this film in the middle! (MGM)

HOME IN INDIANA. We hope all the boys on the fighting fronts will see this film—it will mean home to them, whether they live in Indiana, or Maine, or California. For it's about sulky racing at county fairs which presents as truly American a scene as miles of tall corn in rows. In addition, the hero (Lon McCallister) is so winning a lad, he'll be identified with everybody's favorite younger brother. He is also one actor who can appear youthful without affecting speech peculiarities. Then there are the horses and beautiful farm land in Technicolor and a swimming hole that will bring back lazy summer days, and a final trotting race run in three heats that has all the suspense of the actual track. Two young girls, Jeanne Crain and June Haver, have their first featured screen roles and both are very good. It is especially refreshing to have the boy keep his values straight in choosing between them. (20th Century-Fox)

STORY OF DR. WASSILL, THE. The story of Dr. Corydon M. Wassill's determined and valorous efforts to bring wounded survivors of the *Marblehead* and *Hawston* to safety in Australia was first told by President Roosevelt in a broadcast. A beautiful and inspiring film has been made from these Far Eastern events, given a sound American background through the character of Dr. Wassill (Gary Cooper) and the sketched-in early career of this country doctor



GARY COOPER AND INGRID BERGMAN
IN A SCENE FROM "SARATOGA TRUNK"

who found his way to research work in China long before his career in the U. S. Navy began. Most of the action takes place in Dutch hospitals in Java where the wounded men prove such a doughty crew—and are so variously amusing—that the film has more than a full share of human interest. But the truly magnificent backgrounds of mountainous country (photographed in Mexico) are what make it a Technicolor triumph. Gary Cooper and Laraine Day have the

leading rôle, with the excellent support of Philip Ahn as a Chinese laboratory assistant of the doctor, Carol Thurston as a native Javanese nurse, Signe Hasso as a Dutch nurse, Dennis O'Keefe as one of the wounded men, and a host of others in this flawless cast. (Para.)

Good

BETWEEN TWO WORLDS. Sutton Vane's drama of the journey from this life to the next, *Onward Bound*, has been brought up to the present war in point of time, though the characters on the ghost ship remain much as they were in the original play of twenty years ago. There is more emphasis on the two suicides among the passengers, and the parts are so movingly played by Eleanor Parker and Paul Henreid that the film becomes primarily a sermon against self-destruction. The play's original focus on the wastrel (John Garfield) has been blurred rather than sharpened by enlarging the rôle, but is suddenly pulled together in the end by a superbly played bit from Mrs. Midget (Sara Allgood), the Cockney scrubwoman who has been snubbed by some members of the group. The loneliness of the nearly empty ship, the futility of mortal pretensions to power, the warmth of understanding of good motives, all these and many other matters are presented from the point of view of human beings approaching a judgment of their years on earth. (Warners)



FROM "ONCE UPON A TIME" WITH
JANET BLAIR AND TED DONALDSON

HENRY ALDRICH PLAYS CUPID. One of the better Henry Aldrich (Jimmy Lydon) films, this comedy pokes good-natured fun at Henry's dour school principal who seems to enjoy giving his most awkward pupil as many demerits as possible. When Henry's mother remarks that marriage would mellow the crochety fellow, Henry and Dizzy start a matrimonial bureau. Their first applicant is Vera Vague, who snares Mr. Aldrich's political enemy instead of the pedagogue, after many laugh-provoking incidents. (Para.)

MAN FROM FRISCO. Matt Braddock (Michael O'Shea), given complete authority to revamp a yard for war production, arrives at a sleepy shipbuilding community preceded by a barrage of dogmatic orders to change production methods. Antagonizing the workmen by ignoring their former superintendent (Gene Lockhart), Braddock further alienates sympathy by importing thousands of workers who overtax the town's housing facilities. But despite all opposition, Braddock works to put his methods into operation, and eventually the first prefabricated Liberty Ship goes down the yards. The shipbuilding scenes (filmed at actual yards) are fascinating; so, too, is the story. The struggle between the tradition-bound workmen, proud of their record, and a man who would substitute untried methods of production is absorbing. (Rep.)

ONCE UPON A TIME. This is an engaging fantasy about a caterpillar who could dance and

the little boy (Ted Donaldson) who loved Curly—that being the rhythmic larva's name. The film is held together by the believable playing of the cast—and, oddly enough, it is Cary Grant who creates the most magic, though he believes in fantasy for its box-office value only. Grant is a hard-boiled theatrical producer on the rocks, and when Walt Disney offers a fabulous sum for Curly, he is ready to steal him from the boy, who until then has been his devoted pal. How ethics begin to dawn in an utterly selfish mind is tellingly put over by Grant without sentimentalism. Of course, you may be more interested in Curly's own story and how, while the fanfare was growing over his career, he had ideas about his own future! (Col.)



TWO STARS IN "HOME IN INDIANA,"
LON MCCALLISTER AND JEANNE CRAIN

SARATOGA TRUNK. Director Sam Wood always makes seeing a film as richly enjoyable as reading a novel, by fastening interest on the characters and how they work out their own destinies. Returning to New Orleans from Paris where she had been raised, Clio Dulaine has two aims—to soften the tragedy of her mother's life by seeing that she has honorable burial and to get herself a rich husband. This vacillating between the tender and sensitive and the selfishly material is successfully caught in Ingrid Bergman's characterization. She gives a lilting sauciness to Clio, which wins sympathy because it so thinly masks the girl's insecurity. Gary Cooper is less successful in combining the gambler and the stalwart Texan called for by his rôle, but at least he is on the casual side, which gives humor to his managing of the mercurial Clio. How he saves the *Saratoga Trunk* line railway for its effete owner (John Warburton) makes an exciting action sequence in a film which is mostly a comedy of outmoded manners. Edna Ferber's novel has provided flavorsome backgrounds of old New Orleans and of *Saratoga* in its heyday. (Warners)

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD. Jane Powell's clear soprano voice and endearing personality make this a pleasant musical. The story tells of a young Hollywood singing star (Jane Powell) who has to run away to have any time for fun, or friends of her own. She goes to a Youth Hostel where at first it appears she'll make more enemies than friends because of her inexperience in the serious work the young people are engaged in. When she is instrumental in getting additional workers to help save an orange crop, she is accepted as their friend. The numerous topflight entertainers, who include Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, W. C. Fields, the Condos Brothers, Sammy Kaye and his orchestra, and others, are introduced in a clever manner. (U.A.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Good

HENRY ALDRICH PLAYS CUPID
MAN FROM FRISCO
ONCE UPON A TIME
SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

DARK HOLLOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

the rain-splashed window at the station. With a sinking feeling, I knew that ever since I had first heard tales of Rideau, I had suspected that he and my night prowler were one and the same. He knew me, too. Those yellow eyes said so, unmistakably.

"Allo," he grinned, baring the broken teeth below his straggling gray mustache. "What has procure me the honor of thees visit, Mees Fairfield?"

"You know perfectly well why I'm here," Elly retorted with spirit. "I want you to let Minnie come back to stay with me."

"So?" Rideau threw back his head and laughed. "But that ees funnee! Because my imbecile of a daughter prefer to stay weeth me. You may go inside and talk to her, eff you weesh. But—" he glared at Major, struggling to break from my hold, and patted the stock of his gun significantly—"keep the dog weeth you, unless you want 'is 'cad blown off!"

"You don't frighten us," I said, with my thumping heart saying the direct opposite. "Step aside and let us in."

"But of course!" grinned Minnie's delightful father. "Anything to please the ladees."

Major howled and lunged toward the sneering face, dragging me with him, and Rideau, with a mocking wave of his dirty hand, clumped down a flight of steps to the beach.

"Let's get this over quickly," I urged. "No telling how soon he'll be back."

Elly's knock on the door met with no response. "Minnie's too frightened to answer," she surmised. "We'll go right in."

It was dark in the shack, and the air smelled of dirt and rancid food. "W'heh!" I sniffed. "Where is she, anyway?"

Major, whining, darted into a smaller back room, and we found Minnie cowering there.

Elly laid her hand on the girl's shoulder. "Don't be afraid, Minnie," she coaxed. "We've come to help you."

"You can't," Minnie moaned. "Go away!" "Your father said we could talk to you," I assured her. "And we want to take you back with us."

"I can't go." The words were hopeless. "Of course you can," Elly urged. "Even if I have to call in the State police."

"No, no! Don't do that!" Minnie seized Elly's arm in a painful grip. "I want to stay here. I do, I do!"

"Just promise me this, then, Minnie," my cousin said. "If you ever want help, will you let us know?"

Minnie's lips trembled in a faint "yes." I thought she was about to say something more, but at that instant we heard steps outside, and her chance was lost.

"Stop Rideau at the door, Elly," I begged, and my cousin hurried out into the other room.

"Quick, Minnie," I went on. "Is there anything you want to tell Terence—any message?"

The dull face brightened. "Yes," Minnie

whispered. She turned back the corner of the frowsy mattress on her bed and drew out a scrap of paper and the stub of a pencil. Panting, as we heard Rideau challenging Elly, she scrawled a few words.

"Hide it!" Minnie hissed, and I slipped the piece of paper into my coat pocket just before Rideau slouched into the room.

"You have two kind friends, then, Minnie," he grimaced. "And I am kind, too, especially to pretty young ladees who come on errands of mercy. But eet ees snowing hard, and their friends weel be alarm' eef they are too long meessing. So they must go now. Come, I weel escort you to the door."

He did so, giving us no further chance to talk with his daughter. "Bon soir," he grinned as we stepped out into the thickly falling snow. "I have a message for a friend of yours, Mees Fairfield. His name ees Meadows. Tell him I am like thees gun of mine—I am not dangerous unless somebodee meddle weeth me. Then—*phut!* You theenk you remember that?"

"I'll remember it—and you!" I promised grimly.

"Adieu, then. And *bonne chance!*" The old wretch threw me a kiss. "See that nothing happen to breeng sadness to that pretty face."

"What did he mean by that?" I demanded as we stumbled along across the snow-clogged ruts of the field, the wind singing in our ears.

"Well, whatever he meant," Elly said, "we won't come here alone again! I hope you're not freezing, child."

"Me? No, warm as toast. But I'll be glad to see the home fires burning, just the same." I released my hold on Major's collar. "Chase on ahead of us," I told him, "and stop thinking about going back to chew up that old French Bluebeard. *Wow*, this is some storm for the first week in April, Elly, isn't it?"

"We sometimes have them even later than this. But it seems to me the weather's all topsy-turvy since the whole world got into this awful war. Terry will be joining up soon. Did he tell you?"

"Yes," I said, "but, then, he's eighteen. Minnie," I mused, "must be much older."

"She isn't," Elly said. "She's only seventeen, but she looks older, and no wonder. My goodness, the snow's inches deep out there on the road already!"

It was, but walking was easier when we struck the concrete pavement, and soon we were making good progress. The silvery hiss of the wind-blown snow in the air shut out all other sounds except the splash of the little waves along the shore of the lake. So we did not hear the motor car behind us until its horn tooted in our very ears. We turned and saw Dr. Meadows and Terry staring at us from the window of Terry's blue sedan. The car stopped abruptly.

"What in the world are you doing out in this storm, Elly?" the doctor asked crossly.

(Continued on page 38)



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TO GROW UP WITH

CLEVELAND, OHIO: I am fifteen years old and I have taken our wonderful magazine for eight years. My favorite contribution is the serial. I can hardly wait for the next issue to come so I may find out what has happened to my story friends. I have every serial from *Make-believe Dog* in 1936 to *Dark Hollow* which you are now publishing.

I believe Lucy Ellen is my favorite heroine, while Carol Ryrie Brink is my favorite author. Please have more stories like *Winter Cottage* and *The Sky-Blue Trailer*.

Three cheers for THE AMERICAN GIRL! It's a wonderful magazine to grow up with.

Rosemary Eichler

THOSE DOWNING GIRLS

DIXON, MISSOURI: I just received my May issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL, and I had to write and tell you how glad I am that Lucy Ellen and her sister, Pat Downing, are back in THE AMERICAN GIRL again. Please keep on having Frances Fitzpatrick Wright write for us because Lucy Ellen is my favorite character—although I like Bobo Witherspoon and Dilsey, also.

I am a second class Scout of troop No. 1, Dixon, Missouri, and I have eight badges. I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for two years and I simply love it. There are so many helpful articles—for instance, *You and Your Family*. I went to a Girl Scout Camp last summer and it was swell.

Cora Lou Prewett

A FRIEND FROM FARAWAY

GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA, BRITISH GUIANA: I've been meaning to write to you ever since I received my first copy two years ago. As soon as my uncle heard I had become a Guide, he sent me a subscription—and I've made him keep it up, as you see.

We have twenty-eight Guides in our Company which is divided into patrols. I am patrol-leader of the Sackiewinkies. The Sackiewinkie is a monkey found only in British Guiana. But please don't think all of us Guides are little monkeys—we aren't!

I'm fourteen and a half years old and in form IVa in high school. I'm afraid I can't tell you what grade I'm in, however, but in fifth form; in the next form, most girls, who are then sixteen, leave school, or carry on to compete for the Guiana Scholarship. This entitles the winner to three years at an English university.

I have been in British Guiana since the outbreak of the war—and were it not for that, I would either be in Jamaica, British West Indies, or in England, at school. From that you will gather that I'm a Jamaican.

I like your Bushy and Lofty stories best of all and I do wish you'd have them more often.

Betty Ogle

THREE CHEERS

SIGOURNEY, IOWA: Hurrah! Three cheers for THE AMERICAN GIRL, the Girl Scouts, and Sigourney! Excuse the sudden outburst, please, but I'm so happy. A lady in this town is going to be our Girl Scout leader, so now we can have Girl Scouts! By the time I was old enough to be a Girl Scout, the troop had stopped, so you can see why I'm so happy now.

This is the second year I've taken THE AMERICAN GIRL—and it's super. I think it's the best magazine published for girls.

As I love mystery stories, I'm sure I'm going to love the new serial *Dark Hollow*. I liked *Girl Scouts of China in Wartime* very much. It was very interesting, and made me more thankful than ever to become a Girl Scout in the United States of America!

Mary Sue Richardson

STORIES

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: I am twelve and am starting my first year in Junior High. I am also starting my second year in receiving THE AMERICAN GIRL.

I like our stories very much. When I first started receiving THE AMERICAN GIRL, I didn't quite understand the stories so I didn't pay much attention to them. What I liked most of all then was the jokes in *Laugh and Grow Scout*. But what I like most of all now is *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and the stories! I like the stories of Pat Downing and how she writes to her sister, Lucy Ellen. *The Unbroken Heart* was what I call a darling story. My mother likes THE AMERICAN GIRL, too. When I read *The Unbroken Heart*, I asked my mother to read it. When she finished reading it, she said she thought it was very cute. We are both enjoying THE AMERICAN GIRL very much.

Ira Jean Stacy

HORSES

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA: Although I am not a Girl Scout, I enjoy THE AMERICAN GIRL thoroughly. My favorite story was *Meet the Malones*.

I am a lover of horses and ride as often as I can—sometimes twice a week, but never less than once a week. Last summer I helped take care of, and train three race horses. One of them was a grandson of Man o' War. His name was Mericano. The other two were Skating Fool and a mare, Bluefield. She came all the way from Central America from a city of the same name.

At this same place where these horses were, they now have twenty-eight highly bred horses, one of them being a beautiful palomino stallion. My favorite pleasure horse is Duke, a pretty, trim little three-year old sorrel gelding with a narrow blaze down his face and two white socks. I am sure that if you saw these horses you would think them beautiful, too.

I am twelve-and-a-half years old and in the seventh grade at Benjamin Franklin High.

My father is a musician and formerly played first trumpet for Glenn Miller. That was before Glenn Miller went into the Army.

Jackie McMickle

LONELY

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA: I am fifteen years old and a freshman in High School. This year I began a new school where I didn't know anyone and, as I am very slow at making friends, you can imagine how lonely I am at times. My school is five miles away from my home and I travel by street car to and from it. It is a wonderful school, but the girls and boys and I don't exactly "click." I hope some day I'll really make friends with them.

I get THE AMERICAN GIRL and I love it. It really cheers me during my "blues." I have just finished reading the May issue and enjoyed the story, *Dark Hollow*, by Ruth Gilbert Cochran. I can hardly wait for the next issue. I also like the Lucy Ellen and Pat Downing stories.

I enjoy very much reading the letters sent in by the other girls, and I hope none of those girls are lonely like I am. But since this letter is not being sent to a "Lonely Hearts Column" we'll skip me and wish THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE all the luck in the world and hope the Girl Scouts keep printing this magazine till the world has come to an end.

A Lonely Girl

Editor's Note: Read "You and Your Crowd" in this issue, or "Friendship and the Girl Scout Laws," By Helen Grigsby Doss, printed in this magazine for October, 1941.

If you wish information about starting a Girl Scout troop, write to Girl Scouts, attention Field Division, 155 East 44th St., New York 17, N.Y.

KENTUCKY

PROVIDENCE, KENTUCKY: I am writing in answer to Hassell Grimes of Paris, Texas. I heartily agree with her—it would be interesting if girls from all States would write and tell about their "land."

Yes, Hassell, I'm from Kentucky, and I would like to straighten some folks out who think our rolling hills are inhabited by "hill-billies." I've never seen one yet and I've lived here all my life—nearly fourteen years. We are pretty proud of our State and we think it is beautiful—we know not what others think about it, though. And, like Texas, our weather is cold one day and hot or warm the next. But now, this spring, it is good and warm. I like spring, but summer is more fun. Swimming then!

I go to Providence High School and like it very much. Our Girl Scout troop is new, but we are all working hard to make it a good one and to serve our country during this war.

Yes, we have loads to be thankful for here in America.

Jane Letzinger

NORTH DAKOTA

DUNSEITH, NORTH DAKOTA: In the May issue I read Hassell Grimes's letter about Texas, and I thought you might like to hear about North Dakota.

The cities aren't large, but the buildings and educational courses are about the same as in other cities.

The spring is really beautiful here. The hills are all so green and neat looking—though they don't look as nice as they did last year, because it snowed a few days ago. There are a lot of wild flowers; I like the tiger lily best.

The winters are snowy, with blizzards every so often, and people get killed sometimes because of the blinding snow; but, all in all, I think Dunseith is a pretty nice town, and North Dakota is a pretty good State.

The International Peace Garden is twelve miles north of Dunseith and a lot of picnics are held there.

I like to hear about other States, also, and hope more girls will write about theirs. I am twelve years old and in the first year of Junior High School at Dunseith.

Audrey Hassen

OKLAHOMA

ANTLERS, OKLAHOMA: I certainly was surprised when I opened my new issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL and found the letter from Hassell Grimes of Paris, Texas. Paris is only forty-seven miles from Antlers, and since my grandmother lives there we go very often.

People think there are wild Indians in Oklahoma, who go around scalping people and wearing very few clothes, but they are wrong about Oklahoma just as they were about Texas. Most of the Indians are very friendly and they speak English fluently. But it is funny, sometimes, to walk down the street and hear two old Indians relating all the latest news in the Choctaw language.

I am fifteen years old and will be a junior in Antlers High School next year. I say "will be" because our school was dismissed on March twelfth. We were honored to have Robert S. Kerr, the Governor of our State, make our commencement address.

I was very pleased to see the article *You and Your Family*. It was just what I needed,

and I'm sure other girls feel that way, too. Keep more like it coming.

Marilyn Holt

IOWA

RICEVILLE, IOWA: I have just read *A Penny for Your Thoughts* and I agree with Hassell Grimes that telling about our States is a good idea. I live in Iowa, and aside from the fact that the ground never gets completely dry, I think it's the swellest State in the land. (I really shouldn't say anything, though, because Minnesota is the only other State I've ever been in.) The part of Iowa I live in is a turkey-raising part. My dad was the first, and then everybody started. We have twenty-five hundred turkeys now and are going to get twenty-five hundred more.

I am thirteen and am going to be a freshman next year. I just started taking THE AMERICAN GIRL and I think it's super. We have no Girl Scouts, but I am the president of our 4-H club.

My hobbies are bicycling, skiing, skating, reading, and driving the tractor for Daddy.

Patricia Ann Marr

OHIO

NELSONVILLE, OHIO: I am fifteen years old and a sophomore in High School. I have taken THE AMERICAN GIRL for four years and I have enjoyed every single issue.

In the last issue I read a letter in this department from a girl who lives in Texas. I think her idea, for everyone to write in and tell about her own State, is a good one, so here goes!

I'm from Ohio, the Buckeye State. I live in the southeastern part and we have many hills. In northern Ohio, the land is mostly flat. Our weather is pretty good, but this year it hasn't been so good. (It snowed in April.)

Southeastern Ohio is noted for its scenic parks, and I'll admit that they are beautiful. One of the parks which I like the best is called "Rock House." Its name describes it very well, for that is just what it is, a huge house of rock.

Coal mining is one of the chief occupations in this part of Ohio, although in other parts it is not important at all.

There are a good many rivers in Ohio. Nelsonville is along one of the small ones. I have seen the "Beautiful Ohio" many times and I think it lives up to its reputation.

Well, there's not much more to say except that Ohio is one of the forty-eight—and that is something to be proud of!

Anne Preston

TEXAS

SPEARMAN, TEXAS: Texas is the most wonderful State in the Union to me and to five million other Texans. I've seen quite a lot of Texas, besides a dozen other States, but I'm gonna settle down and never more roam, and make the Texas range my home.

It's wonderful to see the fertile earth of the plains of the Texas Panhandle turned over in the fall, and then the tiny blades of wheat come up. Later, the wheat grows tall and begins to head and turn yellow. I have never seen a more beautiful sight than a field of golden grain waving in the sun.

Texas weather is wonderful. I don't care whether the dust is blowing, or the rain pouring—it's all wonderful because it's a part of our great State. And believe me, I've been

through some of the worst snow storms and dust storms in Texas history, so I oughta know.

Hassell Grimes says we don't have cattle drives and rustlers any more. Only last year, one hundred and eighteen head of steers were stolen in this county. Also, each year I help drive the cattle to the stockyards from which all the beef is shipped from this territory.

Miss Grimes, do you know that near Amarillo, the largest helium plant in the world is located?

In 1942, four million two hundred thousand bushels of wheat were raised in this county that I live in. In the adjoining county, thousands of gallons of oil are taken from the ground every day.

Well, I guess I've bragged enough, but really it was too much to sit by and let anyone say the plains of Texas are monotonous and that our weather is terrible.

I live on a farm and love all sports, especially tennis and horseback riding.

I like THE AMERICAN GIRL and I like people. My favorite characters in the stories are Lucy Ellen, Dilsey, and Janey. I like the articles on airplanes and anything else that has to do with planes. My favorite subjects at school are Commercial Art and Aeronautics. Thanks a million for letting me have my say.

Joye Crooks

WISCONSIN

PHILIPS, WISCONSIN: Gee, am I happy! I just received my May issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL. I'm very happy to know Lucy Ellen and her sister are back. The new serial is wonderful. I also enjoyed reading the article Marguerite Aspinwall wrote.

I am from Wisconsin, and would like to tell about it. I will talk about the northern part, because I come from that part. There are lots of lakes and resorts here. People always say, "We are going to the north woods." They are right. The climate is warm in summer, about 80° during the day. In winter it is about zero. Early in the morning it is colder. I like Wisconsin very much, but would like to visit other parts.

I am twelve years old, and in the sixth grade. I hope to be going into the seventh grade.

Jane Shoeder

MISSOURI

BONNE TERRE, MISSOURI: I am thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. We have just two more weeks of school.

I live in the country, three miles west of Bonne Terre. We have two horses, one named Barney and the mare's name is Dolly. She is a Kentucky thoroughbred—her full name is Dolly Madison. I love to go horseback riding. I go riding almost every Saturday and sometimes on Sunday.

The part of Missouri I live in is very pretty. There are valleys with hills around them which look almost like mountains. I go in to Bonne Terre to school. Bonne Terre's population is about four thousand. It is a town set in a wide, round valley. Where I live is almost in the Ozarks.

Missouri, I think, is as historical as any other State. I like to read books about old Missouri and the Pony Express and many of Missouri's histories. The weather is changeable in Missouri. In summer it is mostly hot.

Sally Ann Settle

PICK MILKWEED PODS

and SAVE LIVES



Agri Camera Photos

By HARRY A. GUNNING

of the Soil Conservation Service

The principal horticulturist of the Soil Conservation Service wrote this appeal for your help. It is work every girl can do

LEFT: SILVERY MILKWEED FLOSS READY FOR PICKING. THE FINE, SILKY MASS IS HOUSED IN A ROUGH GREEN POD WHICH BURSTS OPEN WHEN THE SEEDS ARE RIPE

YOU CAN DO THIS!

ALL Girl Scouts and Brownies are reminded that this autumn they can directly help in winning the war, and in saving the lives of brothers, sisters, neighbors, and friends in the Armed Services, by picking milkweed pods for making life jackets and aviators' suits.

Since the Japanese cut off our kapok fiber supply from the Dutch East Indies, the Armed Services are asking for every pound of milkweed floss that can possibly be collected this coming September and October. The program for buying of pods is being handled at Petoskey, Michigan, by the Milkweed Floss Division of War Hemp Industries, Inc., a company set up by the Department of Agriculture and the War Production Board.

In a few counties in the United States, mostly in Michigan, the Company will operate its own buying stations and dry yards, but in most communities it will be necessary for each collector, or the schools, the Scouts, the 4-H Clubs, or some other organization to handle the drying of the pods. (In all cases, it is expected that most of the picking will be done by the young folks.)

By the first week of school, most teachers and pupils in the northeastern quarter of the United States will have been told where empty bags can be secured free, and how to pick, dry, and ship the pods. The Scout leaders, 4-H club leaders, county agricultural agents, and local Soil Conservation Service offices will also be furnished with full information.

Your troop might be designated the authorized buying agent and advanced money by War Hemp Industries to pay for the pods as soon as picked and brought to you (whether collected by yourselves or by others.) The

troop would be allowed a small fee per bag for keeping the necessary records, and a substantial amount for handling the drying. (If this should be the case, be sure to take the usual precautions in handling money. Consult your leader, who will find "Dollars and Sense" helpful. This costs ten cents, and is number 19-324 in the catalog of Girl Scout Publications, Ed.)

Handling the drying is not hard, but it is very important that the bags be hung up on a fence at least twelve inches above the ground, in full sun and wind, within twenty-four hours after picking. This means you will need a ball park, school or fairgrounds fence, or some other convenient location, with someone on duty to check out empty bags, and receive, pay for, and hang up full bags of pods every evening and Saturday, during the collection season. Also it is necessary to rehang any bags which fall down, retie those that become untied, and, especially after wet weather, to shake each bag to fluff it up and help drying. Dew, rain, or snow do not hurt the bags if they are hung up properly. After two to six weeks, the thoroughly dried bags are put indoors to await pick-up by the War Hemp Industries' trucks. For this drying service last year an additional 5c per bag was paid, besides the 15c for picking. The same rates will probably prevail this autumn.

While this opportunity to serve as the buying center for the community is not possible to every troop, practically every Girl Scout and Brownie does have a chance to help in scouting for milkweed, and in collecting. No Scout or Brownie can feel her efforts are too little to count, when only two bags of pods are required for a life jacket—enough to save a life.

DARK HOLLOW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

He opened the door and stepped out. "Hop in here, both of you. Get in the back seat, and hustle!"

We hustled obediently; and Terry, with a wink for me, started the car slowly, Major following a few paces in the rear.

"Hey, Martha," Terry said, looking over his shoulder, "what say I come over after dinner and hitch up old Perfection, and you and me'll go sleigh-riding? Okay with you, Miss Fairfield?"

"If it is with Perfection," Elly laughed, and our gallant driver took us on past his home to our own kitchen door. There, Frieda, seeing us come in dripping with melting snow, insisted that we hang our coats behind the big stove, and then go and change into dry shoes and stockings before she'd put a bit of food on the table.

"Dinner's late, anyway," she said, tight-lipped. "Larsen and I had a quarrel, and he stalked out of here an hour ago and hasn't come back. I wish you'd talk to him, Miss Fairfield. He just took his squirrel rifle down from the peg and walked off into the back field. Said he was going after squirrel—or any other varmint that might be handy—and I'm worried!"

"Oh, pshaw, Frieda," Elly soothed her. "Larsen's hot-headed, but there's no harm in him." And I echoed her words—not dreaming how soon I was to doubt their truth.

I hadn't much room for worry in my mind just then, anyway, for my head was full of joyful anticipation of a real country sleigh-ride. And because Elly insisted that I borrow a dry coat of hers for the outing, my own coat hung all that afternoon behind the kitchen range. And so Minnie's message remained, unread, for many hours in my pocket.

(To be continued)

NO TIME for FIRES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

screw driver, tacks, nails, thumbnails, hooks, glue, and mending tape in a kitchen drawer, and I'm actually looking for opportunities to use it.

Don't misunderstand—I'm not suggesting that amateurs should attempt to repair electrical appliances. That's a job for a licensed electrician. I'm just trying to emphasize how often we take the pessimistic attitude that everything's falling to pieces and that because of war conditions we can't do anything about it. It's surprising what you can accomplish if you spot early signs of disrepair. In the case of my iron, there was nothing wrong with the electrical circuit. However, if it had fallen on the floor when the handle came apart, there might have been considerable damage. Thus neglect of small repairs gets us into a lot of trouble.

Under the heading of minor repairs, that usually can be handled by someone in the family, are tightening loose connections on various pieces of equipment; replacing frayed or worn electrical cords; restoring fireproofing

materials, etc. You've doubtless heard that many communities are offering "repair courses," making it possible for people to have expert instruction in mending all kinds of things. This is a splendid way to conserve materials and promote skill with tools. From a safety point of view it's all to the good, because it will make people more alert to hazards resulting from disrepair. You might like to investigate the possibility of taking such a course in your own neighborhood, or help to create interest in the idea if no such training is offered.

Are you having a hot spell in your part of the country just now? If so, I introduce the subject of furnaces, stoves, and heaters with many apologies—but please read on, because in no time at all we'll be wrestling with the fuel problem again.

All types of heating equipment should be inspected, cleaned, and repaired, if necessary, well in advance of cold weather. I needn't emphasize that the present shortage of repair men indicates an earlier-than-ever start this year. Chimneys and flues should be cleaned annually; obviously summer's a good time for that job.

The shortage of fuel has called back into use many old-fashioned, not to say obsolete heaters, and it's not uncommon for people to "fire up" this type of equipment without giving the least thought to its state of repair, or the suitability of the fuel available. For example, the newspapers reported one case in which a man filled up an ordinary oil heater with gasoline, and blew himself and his home to bits.

If coal grates are used in fireplaces where wood ordinarily is burned, or if any unusual use is made of oil or gas heaters, it's most important to have expert advice as to possible hazards, and how they may be eliminated.

To avoid using the furnace until really severe weather sets in, many families have been keeping warm with portable heaters of various types. If these are used, they should be inspected frequently, kept clean, handled according to manufacturer's instructions, and placed where they will not be accidentally knocked over. Special care should be taken to have proper ventilation in rooms where they are used. Last winter there were numerous cases of asphyxiation in which the victims had gone to bed leaving several heaters burning. These people undoubtedly did not know that the oxygen of the air is soon exhausted under such conditions and fatal carbon monoxide poisoning results. Similar accidents have occurred when gas cooking ranges have been kept going full blast to heat a room or apartment. This is a highly dangerous practice.

There are new hazards in connection with furnaces, too. Oftentimes it's necessary to burn coal of a different size, or quality, from that customarily used. This may necessitate an adjustment in drafts, etc., and here again the advice of an expert is desirable.

Precautions against carbon monoxide poisoning are so closely related to fire prevention that they should be emphasized here. This gas is particularly deadly because you cannot smell, taste, nor see it. Any fuel-burning heating appliance may be a source of carbon monoxide unless it is adjusted and operated properly. Here's why: In the process of combustion, the carbon in the fuel unites chemically with the oxygen of the air to form

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you know someone who would make a good leader to start a new troop. If you do, ask her to get in touch with your local council, if there is one in your town, or to write for information to



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carbon dioxide. However, if the supply of air is not adequate, combustion is incomplete and carbon monoxide (CO) is formed.

A person should never lie down to take a nap in a poorly ventilated room or apartment where there is a stove or heater burning. In a very short time serious poisoning, or even death, may result. The practice of putting water or coffee over the gas flame in the early morning, and then returning to bed, is one that has had fatal consequences in many, many cases. If the coffee boils over, it puts out the gas which then escapes—but this is not the only damage. Even if the gas flame continues to burn, it may consume the oxygen of an unventilated kitchen, causing a fatal result.

The kind of accident that is likely to happen during a war winter is illustrated by the case of Mrs. R., who now spends her days driving for the Red Cross and catches up on housekeeping duties in the evenings. One evening last winter, she returned to her apartment cold and exhausted after a thirteen-hour driving assignment. Though it was late, Mrs. R. had the next day's food problem to deal with. She prepared a stew and set it over the gas flame, then went into the living room and lay down on the couch, intending to read and relax for a couple of hours. It was many hours later when she awoke from the deep sleep of exhaustion and remembered the stew. Dizzy and confused she made her way to the kitchen, reached the stove, and then fell forward, striking a window with her head and shattering the glass completely. Unconscious and bleeding, she lay on the floor until she was found by a member of her family.

This was a case of serious, though fortunately not fatal carbon monoxide poisoning. The gas flame had continued to burn and to consume the oxygen of the air of the unventilated kitchen and adjoining living room.

The top burners of a kitchen range may produce carbon monoxide, particularly when the flame is turned up high under a cold cooking utensil, as the cold metal chills the flame and causes incomplete combustion. (Maybe I'm getting too technical, but this is important.) Thus the need for plenty of ventilation in the kitchen when the stove is in use. On the other hand, don't allow a draft to blow out the gas flame.

A few more points to remember are these: Don't operate any gas-heating appliance at an excessively high rate of burning. Don't use rubber hose to connect appliances to the main gas supply. Don't set furnace or stove dampers so that draft is shut off entirely in the flue. Never operate a car engine in a closed garage—always have doors wide open.

Careless handling of matches and of smoking materials is responsible for more home fires than any other single cause. About a third of the fire victims are children—many of them very young children who, through adult carelessness, are allowed to play with matches. Home fire prevention rule number one is to use only safety matches, and to keep them in a metal container well out of reach of small children. Sufficient ash trays should be provided for the house; smokers should be warned never to smoke in bed, in the attic, in the garage, or in proximity to any explosive or flammable material.

Because professional dry-cleaning service is slower and a bit more expensive than it was in pre-war times, more people are attempting

to do this work at home—and frequently with disastrous results. There isn't any completely safe method; even if one uses a fluid that will not burn or explode, there still is the hazard of toxic fumes if the fluid is used in quantity. The best advice is—don't attempt dry cleaning! If it is absolutely necessary to remove spots from a garment, get a small quantity of non-explosive, non-flammable fluid. (Products advertised as non-explosive may still be flammable, so watch out.)

A good way to solve this cleaning problem is to choose washable fabrics—there are many lovely ones on the market now—for garments and draperies, thus reducing the need of professional cleaning service to a minimum.

Gasoline has no place in the home. It should never be used there, nor stored there. This precaution also applies to benzine and naphtha. Gasoline vapor, which is highly explosive, may linger in the air for hours after the liquid is disposed of. Even a small friction spark, such as is caused by rubbing silk against silk, or wool against wool, is enough to touch off this vapor and cause a terrible explosion. Gasoline is actually more powerful than dynamite.

In one accident, reported not long ago, a baby was burned to death in a fire inadvertently started by his father. Having been advised by some completely misinformed person that gasoline is an excellent cleaner for waxed floors, the father was scrubbing a hardwood floor with a mineral wool pad soaked in the liquid when a static spark ignited the vapor. Trapped instantly in a lake of flame, the father was severely burned and the baby lost his life.

Another fact not generally known is that gasoline vapor will travel as far as two hundred feet from the container of liquid and in this way reach a pilot light, lighted cigarette, match, or other open flame. So, as one fire expert says, "No home is big enough for the safe use of gasoline." Of course the liquid itself is highly flammable.

If kerosene is needed for heating and cooking, it should be stored in a metal container, away from heat. It should never be used to quicken a fire.

Now for a brief review of other standard fire prevention practices that we all know, but may need to be reminded of:

Purchase appliances made by reputable manufacturers. Look for the label *Underwriters Laboratories—Inspected*. This is a guarantee that the product is safe to use. Follow carefully the manufacturer's instructions for use. Handle appliances carefully. Connect them to wall or floor outlets, never to lamp sockets as the latter are not built to stand the strain of connection cords. Always disconnect them when not in use. Replace frayed or worn cords immediately. Never run cords under rugs, doors, or radiators; keep them away from heat.

Avoid using electric appliances close to water, as in the bathroom, or near the kitchen sink. Never touch a water faucet and an electric appliance at the same time. Dry hands thoroughly before touching appliances connected to the circuit. In other words, water is a good conductor of electricity and under the circumstances mentioned you might receive a severe shock.

Special precautions should be taken in relation to washing machines. Only rubber-

(Continued on page 42)



Lough and Grow Scout

Reprimand

The head of a large department store was passing through the packing room one day when he saw a boy lounging against a wooden box, whistling cheerfully. The chief motioned the boy to follow him into his office.

"How much do you get a week?" he barked.

"Ten dollars, sir."

"Then here's a week's pay—get out!" When the boss summoned the foreman of the packing department.

"When did we hire that boy?" he demanded.

"We never hired him," came the astonished answer. "He just brought in a package from another firm."—*Sent by DIANE HOGAN, El Monte, California.*

Broad Hint

A political candidate, in the course of a long speech, dramatically asked the audience, "My friends, do you ever stop to think—"

Before he could go any farther, a weary voice from the audience interrupted, "My friend, do you ever think to stop?"—*Sent by JEANNINE BERTRAM, Collinsville, Illinois.*

Market Note



CUSTOMER: Do you have a boneless steak?
BUTCHER: No, but we have a steakless bone.—*Sent by BONNIE GREENE, Greenville, North Carolina.*

The Prize-Winning Joke

So Different



Two married men were discussing their joys and sorrows. "My wife," said one, "is very poetic. She gets up at sunrise and says, 'Lo, the morn!'" "That's fine," said the other sadly. "Mine usually says, 'Mow the lawn.'" —*Sent by DOTTY ALLEN, Atlanta, Georgia.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

What of It?

CUSTOMER: Look here, waiter, is this peach or apple pie?

WAITER: Can't you tell from the taste?

CUSTOMER: No, I can't.

WAITER: Well, then, what difference does it make?—*Sent by MARILYN DANIELL, Birmingham 7, Alabama.*

A Riddle

QUESTION: What did the big firecracker say to the little firecracker?

ANSWER: My pop's bigger than your pop.—*Sent by BETTY RUTH JOHNSON, Eau Claire, Wisconsin.*

Going Up



"Fancy that!" exclaimed the proud mother. "They've promoted our 'Erbert for 'tittin' the sergeant. They've made 'im a court martial." —*Sent by EVELYN SCHULTZ, Seattle, Washington.*

Prescription

WOMAN: What can I do to have soft, beautiful hands?

BEAUTY SPECIALIST: Nothing, Madame! And do it all day long.—*Sent by HAZEL CLIFT, Malaga, Washington.*

Silence Is Golden

MARY: Can you keep a secret for the present?

JANE: Sure! What's the present?—*Sent by SARA FAZZIO, Glassboro, New Jersey.*

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No other knife at any price has all the rich features that make the X-ACTO the undisputed first choice of model makers. Its super-keen, surgical-steel blades (just re-blade to re-sharpen) and the scientifically shaped blades in eight styles, give the craftsman the most versatile tools of his whole outfit.

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RE-blade to RE-sharpen

SELL Personal CHRISTMAS CARDS

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You can make EXTRA money quick selling these Christmas Card Assortments. Line includes Religious, Christmas, Etchings, Everyday, Patriotic, Gift Wrappings, etc. They are whirlwind money-makers! Quick-cash plan for Clubs, Churches, etc.

FREE SAMPLES of Personal Cards. Start on this easy way to earn Extra Money now! **WETMORE & SUGDEN, Inc., Dept. 39-F, 748 Monroe Avenue, Rochester (2), N.Y.**

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It's a rule in the Services to mark everything with the owner's name. Positive identification is the best way to avoid losses at home, too. Mark clothing, linen, and all your belongings with genuine CASH'S Names. Ask your Dept. Store, or write us. And because military business comes first, please ORDER EARLY.

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PRICES THREE DOZEN \$1.50 NINE DOZEN \$1.50
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Camping outfits rented for use on the islands and shores. Canoe, tent, cot, ax, grate, kitchen utensils etc. \$35. Two girls—2 weeks. No extras. Send for booklet "GO". **CRAIG-WALKER CO., Bolton Landing-On-Lake George, N.Y.**

RARE MINERALS choice specimens, 12 Miniatures \$3.
Sam Parker, 2160 East Van Buren, Phoenix, Arizona

THAT SOLDIER or SAILOR of YOURS!

If you tell where he's going, he may never get there.

WOW! \$10.00 WORTH OF FUN FOR ONLY 10c!

500 Foreign Stamps, unsorted, and unpicked (mostly on bits of paper) just as received from the church missions and other sources. Africa, So. America, Australia, China, Philippines, Dutch India, and other countries are represented. Includes a few commemoratives, airmails, and stamps cataloging up to 25c or more each! The biggest Package of Fun in Stampdom—and you might find something really valuable! Price only 10c! Serious approval applicants! Money back if not delighted!

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FREE! Foreign Coin, banknote and Coin Collectors Illustrated Catalog FREE to approval applicants for 3c postage. Up to \$20.00 CASH PAID FOR INDIANHEAD CENTS. Buying list showing prices paid for all dates wanted.

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60 GEO. VI CORONATION 3c
DIFF. (Poster stamps) plus mint Cayman Is., Leeward Is., Turks & Caicos, etc.—all choice items, 3c to approval service applicants.

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Includes stamps from Tanganyika-British Cayman Islands-Airmail-Scars Baby-head-Coronation-Early Victorian-Airmail-New Stamp—with Big Catalogue—all free—send 3c for postage.

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HEMINGWAY, 25 Oak Knoll Rd., NATICK, MASS.

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FREE!!! British Empire Packet, Postage 3c. WIL- LIAMS, 602 Archer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.

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What are "APPROVALS"?

"Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. The only obligation on the part of the recipient of "Approvals" is that the stamps must be returned promptly and in good condition, or paid for.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city and State, and the invoice number.

IN DEFENSE OF SALAMANDERS

Providence, Rhode Island: I was looking through a copy of the June AMERICAN GIRL, and read an article written by Eleanor Hoffman, called "The Man who Liked Snakes."

I am only fifteen, but I enjoyed this story as I am interested in all natural history subjects. However, I found a mistake in the following sentence: "There were other reptiles too, of course—lizards, salamanders, alligators, and crocodiles." I think that you will find that salamanders are not reptiles, but amphibians, because they do not have a dry skin with scales, but rather a smooth, slimy skin, and they go through a metamorphosis. In fact, I have some salamanders in the tadpole stage at home now.

I hope you will correct this mistake, for most people do think of the poor salamander as a reptile.

Grace M. Donnelly

NO TIME for FIRES

sheathed cords should be used, and they should be connected to a wall outlet that has a cover plate of insulating material. A good safeguard against contact with floor dampness is a raised wooden platform large enough to take both machine and operator. Cords and connections should be watched carefully for signs of wear.

Electric fuses are the safety valves of the wiring system. Any substitute for a fuse is extremely dangerous. Use only fuses of a size specified by an electrician or representative of the service company. Fuses blow (burn off, or melt) when an emergency such as a short circuit, or a damaged appliance, develops on the line. The cause should be located and corrected before a new fuse is installed.

Gas stoves and heaters require frequent inspection and careful use. Valves and petcocks should be adjusted to turn smoothly, but not easily. Burners should be washed in boiling water and soda once a month and dried thoroughly before using.

Investigate any odor of gas, however slight. Rooms in which the odor is particularly strong should not be entered except to remove someone who has been overcome. Never look for a gas leak with a candle, match, or other open flame; use an electric torch if necessary.

Destroy all cloths used for cleaning or polishing with wax or oil. Spontaneous ignition frequently takes place in heaps of rags, wool, cotton, etc., which have become saturated with oil, paint, and other flammables. Mop-heads impregnated with wax or oil should be stored in covered metal containers.

Provide metal receptacles for ashes and refuse. Protect open fires with screens.

Keep at least one fire extinguisher in the house, and one in the garage, and see that they are in good working order at all times. (They should be recharged yearly.)

Keep a sharp eye on automatic devices—oil burning furnaces, for example—to make sure the controls are operating properly.

There's an oft-repeated saying that "the first five minutes at a fire are worth the next five hours." In other words, damage will probably be slight if the person who discovers the fire knows exactly what to do and

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

doesn't lose his head. So that's an important part of fire prevention knowledge.

Do you know exactly how to turn in a fire alarm? The quickest way is by telephone if you can get to one quickly. Simply say to the operator, "I want to report a fire at—" and give the location. You should also know the local regulations about sending an alarm from a box on the street corner, or other designated location. In this case it is necessary to wait at the alarm box until the firemen arrive in order to tell them the exact location of the fire.

Except in the case of a very small blaze that obviously can be controlled with water, or a fire extinguisher, call the fire department at once. For some strange reason people often hesitate to turn in an alarm until a fire has reached sizable proportions. Thus that enormously important "first five minutes" is lost.

To put out a clothing fire: Never run or remain standing. Wrap a blanket, heavy rug, curtain, or coat about the body (around the neck first). Drop to the floor and roll over slowly. Try not to inhale any of the flames. Put the left hand on the right shoulder and the right hand on the left shoulder, and pull the arms against the face for protection. If you have no blanket or similar material, lie down, roll over slowly, and use the hands to beat out the flames.

To escape from a burning building: Cover the mouth with a cloth or handkerchief (wet, if possible). Crawl to the nearest exit, keeping as close to the floor as possible. If caught on the upper floor of a burning building, be very careful about opening doors into hallways. A breath of heated air may cause death; also, an open door creates a draft and increases the danger. Feel the door with your hand. If it is hot, go to an open window immediately. If you can get out safely, do so. If not, call for help and wait. You should not jump from a window, except as a last resort.

Editor's Note: An article on Accident Prevention, also by Florence Nelson, will appear in THE AMERICAN GIRL for October, 1944.

WASHING IS WONDERFUL

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

up every bit of moisture. Be especially careful to dry thoroughly under the arms and between the toes.

Now when your cuticle is softened, it's a splendid idea to get in a little good work on your nails. Push the cuticle gently back with your towel as you dry your feet and hands. This regular cuticle training will encourage a nicer shape for your nails and will help prevent split cuticle and hangnails. Also, if you have any little callouses on your feet, you'll find that after the bath they can be smoothed down very gently with a piece of pumice.

After you are thoroughly dry, dust on talcum or body powder and smooth it all over your body; it makes a lovely fragrant finish to your bath and helps keep your skin cool and comfortable in hot weather.

To insure all-through-the-day daintiness, it's also a nice idea to use a deodorant under

the arms, where air does not circulate freely. The purpose of a deodorant is, as its name implies, to deodorize, or take out odor. For most young girls this type of preparation handles the perspiration problem in a very satisfactory manner.

If you are bothered with really excessive perspiration under the arms, which makes it difficult to keep your clothing fresh and sweet, it's a good plan to ask your doctor's advice about the use of a control preparation. Dress shields are a big help, too, and regular airing of sweaters and of all clothing which doesn't go into the tub often will raise your daintiness quotient. Keep in mind that summer shower, which not only shines up the world, but also makes it smell so sweet.

Would YOU cut a piece out of a ten dollar bill?

IN wartime, the dollar gets smaller. Oh, not in actual size—but smaller in value. You can buy less with it. After the Civil War, it took \$16.25 to buy a barrel of flour that, three years before, sold for \$6.00. During the Revolutionary War, the dollar (called a Continental) became so valueless, people began using a phrase you still hear, "Not worth a Continental." This state of affairs—when prices go way up and the value of the dollar goes way down—is called "inflation."

During this war, there has been some rise in prices. The dollar is not as big now as it was in 1939. Our problem now is to keep the dollar from getting any smaller. To hold prices down.

What can you do to help?

First, save your money—don't spend it. Buy war stamps and bonds, save your pennies to buy more. This is important, because prices go up when there is a shortage of things to buy and lots of money with which to buy them. Today, so many people are earning money there are more dollars in circulation than there have been for a long, long time. But because so many of our goods have gone to war—food, cloth, steel, rubber—there are fewer things to buy. If people rush to purchase them—bidding against one another—the prices will soar. So save your money. Don't spend it!

Second, use the things you have, and make them last longer. Today patches and darns are patriotic. Every time you can mend something, or repair something, using the old instead of buying new, you are helping to keep the dollar from shrinking.



Third, remember that it makes Hitler and Tojo happy when Americans go to black markets, or try to beat the rationing rules. Ceiling prices and rationing were put into effect to protect you and all other Americans against runaway prices and food shortages. So **always** pay ceiling prices and give the right number of ration stamps when you do the shopping. Don't cut a piece out of your dollar bill.

Save War Stamps **NOW** for a **NEW ROADMASTER**

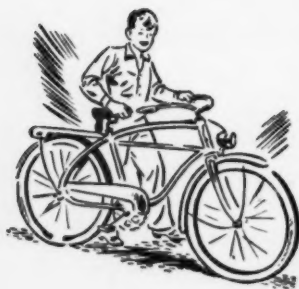


THOUSANDS of you boys and girls would like to own a bicycle—a really beautiful bicycle like the pre-war Roadmaster, America's Finer Bicycle.

You can't buy a Roadmaster now for our factory is engaged 100% in war work—but, after the war, we will have a surprise for you, a brand new Roadmaster that will be modern in design, finished in beautiful colors, equipped with a tank, luggage carrier, head and tail lights—a real beauty! You'll

want one as soon as you see it.

Here's how you can be sure of getting your Roadmaster. This summer get a job helping farmers, grocers, merchants so as to release men and women for essential war work. When you get your pay, invest in War Saving Stamps, turn them in for one or two bonds... After the war, you will have the money to buy a beautiful, sparkling new Roadmaster—the bicycle that every boy and girl will want.



THE CLEVELAND WELDING COMPANY
West 117th Street at Berea Road • Cleveland 7, Ohio

Roadmaster
AMERICA'S *finer* BICYCLES

